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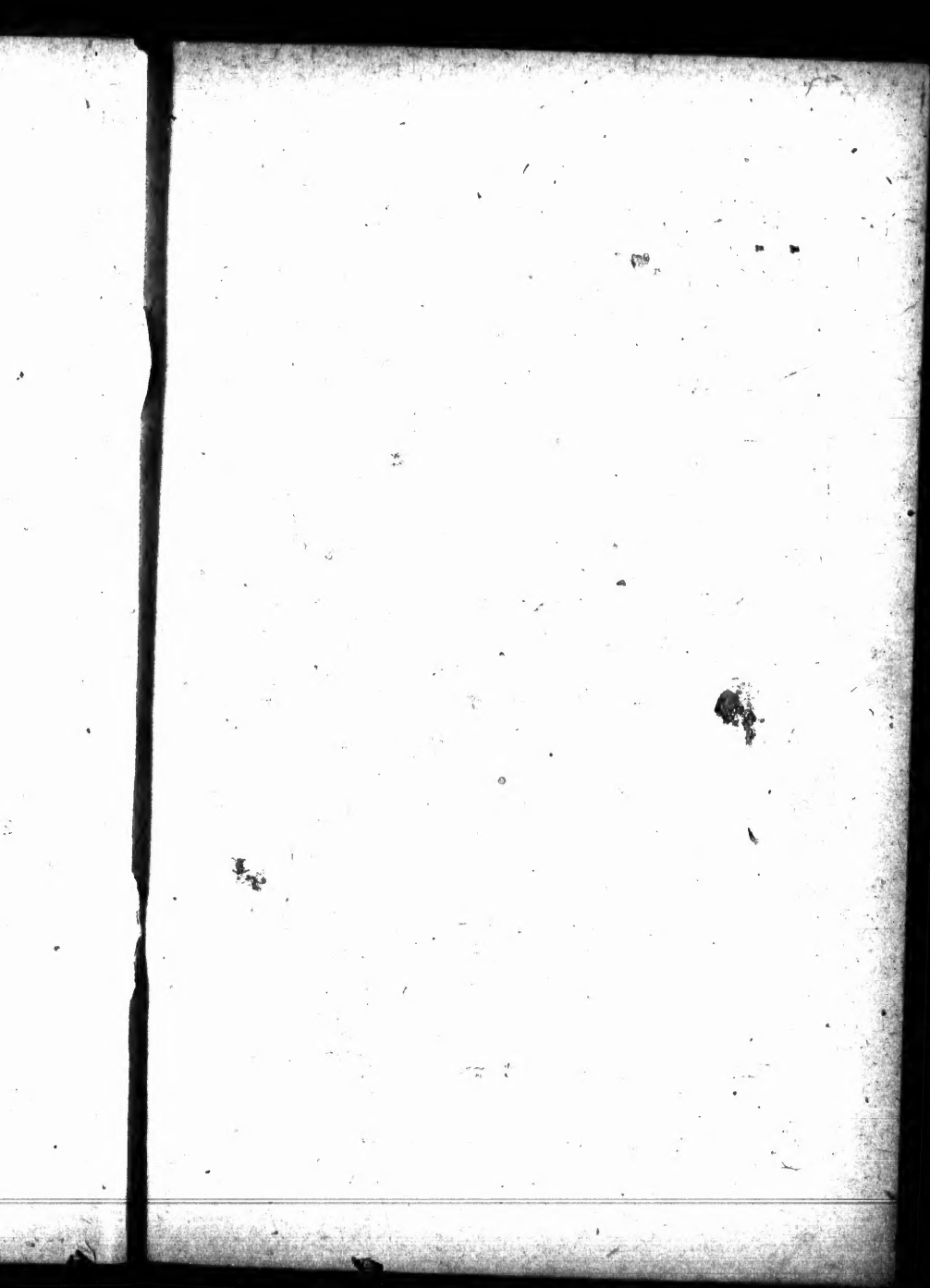
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THE SISTERS' SCHOOL.

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Adopted o
mittee.

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By A

JAMES

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Adopted on the Report of the Catholic Members of the Committee, for use in the Catholic Schools of the Dominion.

THE
METROPOLITAN
SECOND READER:

CAREFULLY ARRANGED

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.



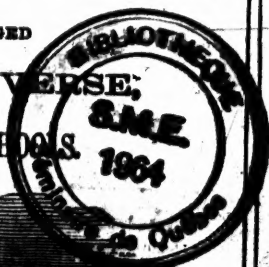
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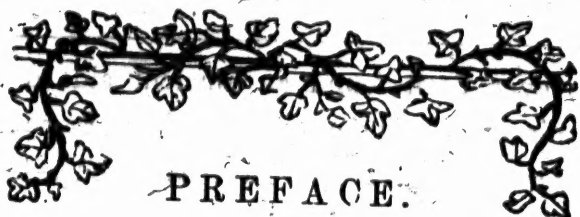
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PREFACE.

THERE is, after all, but little difference between the First and Second Readers. It is the same idea a little further developed. The children who use the Second Reader are but little in advance of those who use the First. The same stories interest them, the same pictures are admired, the same spelling lessons are to be mastered. The lessons, however, are somewhat different in their style and character, addressing themselves to the expanding minds of the learners, yet still preserving the simplicity and transparency adapted to the understanding of the child.

A little more poetry has been admitted into this second book, as we think that many important truths may be fixed on the mind by the help of musical numbers. Versification

has ever been found an efficient aid to the acquirement of knowledge by the very young, and hence it is that we have admitted a large number of pieces, on various subjects, among the prose matter of the Second Reader. The spelling is only a degree more advanced, as we have thought it useful to keep the earlier spelling-lessons in the pupil's mind.

In the Second as well as in the First Reader, we have strictly followed the advice of the saintly Fénelon. Speaking of children, he says: "Give them books adorned with beautiful pictures and well-formed characters; all that pleases the imagination facilitates study. Select books full of short and pleasing stories, then be not afraid that the child will not learn to read perfectly. Let him pronounce naturally as he speaks; other tones are always bad, and savor of college declamations. When his tongue becomes freer, his chest stronger, and the habit of reading more frequent, he will read without difficulty, with more grace, and

more distinctly." We have sought, then, as far as the limits of these little volumes will admit, to realize this advice of the illustrious Archbishop.

The engravings have been carefully designed to interest and awaken thoughts of piety in little children; and the lessons of easy reading which they illustrate, have been taken from Canon Schmidt, Faber, and other Catholic authors.





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SECOND READER.

LESSON I.

an'gel	side	heav'en	kneel
lov'ing	leave	pray'er	heart
morn'ing	home	hum'ble	weak



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

1. **D**EAR angel! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven, to guard
A little child like me.

2. And when, dear Spirit! I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
3. Then for thy sake, dear angel! now
More humble will I be:
But I am weak, and when I fall,
Oh, weary not for me.
4. Oh, weary not, but love me still,
For Mary's sake, thy queen;
She never tired of me, though I
Her worst of sons have been.
5. She will reward thee with a smile;
Thou knowest what 'tis worth,
For Mary's smiles each day convert
The hardest hearts on earth.
6. Then love me, love me, angel dear!
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

LESSON II.

per-ceive'd	town	hol'low	de-vout'ly
com-menc'ed	storm	quick'ly	or'der-ed
fear'ful-ly	voice	light'ning	hap'pen-ed



THE THUNDERSTORM.

FRANK, a little boy from the town, had been gathering berries in a wood. As he was about to return home again, a storm arose,

and it began to rain, lighten, and thunder. Frank was very much afraid, and crept into a hollow oak near the road, for he did not know that high trees are liable to be struck by lightning.

2. All at once, he heard a voice calling, "Frank! Frank! come—oh! come out quickly!" Frank crept out from the hollow tree, and, almost at that very moment, the lightning struck the tree, and the thunder pealed fearfully.

3. The earth trembled beneath the terrified boy, and it seemed to him as if he stood in the midst of fire. No injury, however, had happened to him; and he exclaimed, as he prayed with uplifted hands: "The voice must have come from heaven. It is Thou, O my good God, who hast saved me; thanks be to Thee!"

4. But the voice cried out once more:—"Frank! Frank! do you not hear me?" and he now perceived, for the first time, that it was a peasant woman who was calling him.

5. Frank ran up to her and said: "Here I am; what do you want with me?" "Oh," replied the woman, "it was not you I meant, but my own little Frank, who has been watching the geese on the bank of the brook yonder, and must have taken shelter from the storm

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somewhere hereabouts. See, here he comes at last, out of the bushes."

6. Frank, the town boy, now told her how he had taken her voice for a voice from heaven. The woman clasped her hands piously, and said: "Oh, my child, you should be no less thankful for this.

7. "The voice came, indeed, from the mouth of an humble peasant; but God so ordained it, that I should cry out aloud, and call you by name, although I knew nothing at all about you. It is He who has rescued you from the great danger to which you were exposed!"

8. "Yes, yes!" cried Frank, with tears in his eyes; "God has made use of your voice in order to save me; it was, indeed, you who called me, but, still, the help came from God!"

Deem it not chance, whate'er befall—
 One all-wise Hand disposeth all.

LESSON HI.

depth	peas'ant	con-fid'ing	man
would	crea'ture	o'pen-ed	glad
crumbs	win'dow	cher'ish	love



THE ROBIN.

A ROBIN came in the depth of winter to the window of a pious peasant, as if it would like to come in. Then the peasant opened his window, and took the confiding little creature kindly into his house. So it picked up the crumbs which fell from his table, and his children loved and cherished the little bird.

2. But when the spring returned, and the bushes and trees put forth leaves, the peasant opened his window;—and the little guest flew into the wood hard by, built its nest, and sang merrily.

3. And behold, at the return of winter, the robin came back to the house of the peasant, and its mate came with it. The man and his children were very glad when they saw the two

little birds, which looked at them so trustingly with their bright eyes.

4. And the children said: "The little birds look at us as if they were going to say something."

5. And their father answered: "If they could speak, they would say: Kindness begets kindness, and love begets love."

LESSON IV.

crea'ted	sec'ond	re-fresh'ed	fill'ed
scrip'tures	be-gin'ning	do-min'ion	call'ed
liv'ing	fir'ma-ment	breath'ed	flow'ed
crea'ture	beau'ti-ful	throng'ed	pour'ed
dark'ness	di-vid'ed	with-out'	sin'gle

THE CREATION—ADAM AND EVE—THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

FROM the Sacred Scriptures we learn that God created the heavens and the earth; that the earth in the beginning was without form, and that no living creatures were upon it; and that all was darkness. Then God spoke and said: "Let there be light," and light was made, and spread abroad over the earth.

2. God spoke a second time and said: "Let there be the firmament," and the beautiful blue sky came into being. He then divided the waters from the land, and mountains and hills rose up, with the valleys between them. Fountains, brooks, and rivers refreshed the dry land and poured themselves into the sea.

3. Then the earth at the command of God brought forth trees and grass, herbs and flowers, of every variety. The birds of the air were created, and the woods and fields were filled with cattle and beasts of every kind, and the waters of the sea and of the rivers were thronged with fishes.

4. The earth and the heavens were now made, and they were beautiful to look upon; but in the whole earth there was not a single human being to enjoy it, and to praise its great and bountiful Creator. Then God said: "Let us make man to our image and likeness; he shall have dominion over the fishes of the sea, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and over the whole earth."

5. And He made man out of the clay of the earth, breathed into him the breath of life, and called him *Adam*. Then God cast Adam into

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a deep sleep, and while he was asleep, He took from the side of Adam a rib, and from it He made the first woman, whom he called *Eve*. And when Adam awoke, and saw for the first time his beautiful companion, he was filled with joy.

6. God placed Adam and Eve in a beautiful garden, called Paradise, or Eden. This delightful garden was filled with the most beautiful trees, which bore the sweetest blossoms and fruit; flowers of every kind and color and odor abounded in it; and through the midst flowed a sparkling spring, which, dividing itself into four streams, watered the whole garden.

7. All the animals were mild and obedient to Adam; even the lion would lie at his feet and would not hurt him. Birds of the most beautiful plumage flew from tree to tree, and filled the groves with their sweet songs; and every thing was there to render Adam and Eve happy.

LESSON V.

morn'ing	near'er	with-in'	harm	hear
a-round'	keep'er	spir'it	brow	keep
ris'ing	per'il	kept	side	road
a-long'	a-lone'	slept	pour	harm



CHILD'S MORNING HYMN TO ITS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

1. **G**UARDIAN angel! thou hast kept
Watch around me while I slept:
Free from harm and peril, now
With the cross I sign my brow.
2. Risen with the rising sun,
Forth I go, but not alone:
As my keeper and my guide,
Thou art ever by my side.
3. Pour then ever in my ear
Words which angels joy to hear;
Curb my tongue and thoughts within,
And keep my wandering eye from sin:

And rule my steps along the road
Which brings me nearer to my God.

4. Glory to the Father be;
Glory, Jesus, unto thee,
And Holy Ghost, eternal three. *Amen.*

LESSON VI.

lit'tle	feed'ing	trou'ble	er'rand
ten'der	fail'ing	ver'y	laugh'ed
heart'ed	call'ing	sis'ter	la'dy
shared	al'ways	cer'tain	de-priv'e
per'fect	ly'ing	mo'ment	shoul'der
les'son	look'ing	gold'en	ex-pense'

THE FORGETFUL LITTLE GIRL.

LITTLE Minnie was a tender-hearted girl, who willingly shared all she had with others, gave clothes to poor children, spoke sweetly to every one, and always went to class with perfect lessons.

2. Minnie had one great failing, however, and it brought her into trouble very often. I will tell you something that she did, and you will then see what her fault was.

3. One day she was feeding her bird on a

low table, when she heard her sister calling her at the door. She ran to the door, certain that she would be back in a moment.



4. She found her sister Mary there, with her apron full of pretty pebbles. "Come, Minnie," said she, "go with me, and we will find some more."

5. Minnie thought no more of the bird, but

calling her
certain that



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followed her sister, and did not return till noon. "I wonder why Lily is so still to-day," said her mother; "I have not heard him sing since morning."

6. Minnie sprang up, with a beating heart, and running to the cage, found poor Lily gone. The cat had dragged him from the cage, and his little golden feathers were lying all about the floor.

7. In the picture you see little Minnie, viewing her frozen plants, which she had forgotten to remove the night before. Her roses, her geraniums, her verbenas, are all dead. One little forget-me-not bows its head so very sadly that she almost thinks it speaks, and says, "*Forget-me-not!*"

8. She dreamed that night of her flowers and her bird, and they seemed to be singing plaintively, "*Forget-me-not, Minnie, forget-me-not!*" This cured Minnie of her bad habit.

LESSON VII.

ba'by	hush'ed	some'thing	re-mem'ber
can'not	a-gain'	chrys'a-lis	with'er-ed
laugh'ing	case'ment	pleas'ant-ly	al-migh'ty

MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?

1. **M**OTHER, how still the baby lies!
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.
2. "My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing;
They hushed me—he is dead.
3. "They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies—
O mother, tell me how!"
4. "Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here—
A withered worm, you thought?"
5. "I told you that Almighty power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.
6. "Look at the chrysalis, my love—
An empty shell it lies;—

Now raise your wondering glance above,
To where yon insect flies!"

7. "Oh yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold!
And, see! it lightly flies away,
Beyond my gentle hold.
8. "O mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range,—
9. "How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give *him* wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things!"

LESSON VIII.

six'ty	vil'lage	ask'ed	ber'ries
fif'ty	him-self'	mean'ing	car'ry
wor'thy	wish'ed	sto'ry	o'pen
bish'op	per'son	late'ly	win'dow

THE BISHOP AND HIS BIRDS.

A WORTHY bishop, who died lately at Rat-
isbon, had for his arms two fieldfares, with
the motto—"Are not two sparrows sold for a

farthing?" This strange coat-of-arms had often excited attention, and many persons had wished to know its origin, as it was reported that the bishop had chosen it for himself, and that it bore reference to some event in his early life. One day an intimate friend asked him its meaning, and the bishop replied by relating the following story:

2. Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a small village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and, almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel.

3. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper-berries, and carry them to a distiller living near, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself.

* 4. He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so much did he long to be among them. He knew it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for his parents

had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, while he was gathering his juniper-berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons.



5. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for? The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some.

6. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they

came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

7. The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the good fortune to catch two fieldfares. He put them in the basket, and, tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house.

8. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm, he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds, to bring them as a present to the master.

9. "A present, my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides."

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

10. The schoolmaster looked at the boy as he stood before him, with bare head and feet, and

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11. "You are a very singular boy!" said he; "but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you; as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there any thing I can do for you?"

12. "Oh, yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do for me what I should like better than any thing else."

"What is that?" asked the schoolmaster, with a smile.

13. "Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling on his knees; "oh, dear, kind sir, teach me to read."

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at his leisure hours, and learnt so rapidly, that the schoolmaster got him employment from a nobleman who resided in the neighborhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in his mind as in his birth, took an interest in the poor boy and sent him to school at Ratisbon.

14. The boy profited by his opportunities, and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honors, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms.

"What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the bishop, with a smile, "that the poor boy was MYSELF."

LESSON IX.

sea'sons	flow'ers	cov'er-ed	sport'ing
win'ter	re-turn'ed	hy'a-cinth	hap'py
pass'ed	de-sir'ed	play'mates	clus'ter
sum'mer	dis-ap-pear'	pas'ture	cher'ries

THE FOUR SEASONS.

"I WISH it were always winter!" said Ernest, who had returned from a sleigh-ride, and was making a man out of snow. His father desired him to write down this wish in his notebook; and he did so.

2. The winter passed away, and the spring came. Ernest stood with his father by the side of a bed of flowers, and gazed with delight upon the hyacinths, the violets, and the lilies of the valley. "These are the gifts of spring," said his father; "but they will soon fade and disappear." "Ah!" said Ernest, "I wish it were always spring!" "Write that down in my book," said his father; and Ernest did so.

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sport'ing
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' said Ernest,
high-ride, and
His father de-
in his note-

d the spring
r by the side
with delight
d the lilies of
of spring,"
on fade and
"I wish it
down in my
did so.

3. The spring passed away, and summer came. Ernest went with his parents, and some of his playmates, into the country, and spent the day there. Everywhere the meadows were green and decked with flowers, and in the pastures the young lambs were sporting around their mothers.

4. They had cherries to eat, and passed a very happy day. As they were going home, the father said, "Has not the summer its pleasures too, my son?" "Oh, yes," said Ernest; "I wish it were always summer!" And this wish Ernest wrote down in his father's book.

5. At last autumn came. Ernest again went with his parents into the country. It was not so warm as in the summer, but the air was mild and the heavens were clear. The grape-vines were heavy with purple clusters; melons lay upon the ground in the gardens; and in the orchards the boughs were loaded with ripe fruit.

6. "This fine season will soon be over," said the father, "and winter will be upon us." "Ah!" said Ernest, "I wish it would stay, and always be autumn!"

7. "Do you really wish so?" said his father.

"I do, indeed," replied Ernest. "But," continued his father, taking at the same time his note-book out of his pocket, "see what is written here."

8. Ernest looked and saw it written down, "I wish it were always winter." "Now turn over another leaf," said his father, "and what do you find written there?" "I wish it were always spring." "And farther on, what is written?" "I wish it were always summer."

9. "And in whose hand-writing are these words?" "They are in mine," said Ernest. "And what is now your wish?" "That it should always be autumn." "That is strange," said his father. "In winter, you wished it might always be winter; in spring, you wished it might always be spring; and so of summer and of autumn. Now, what do you think of all this?"

10. Ernest, after thinking a moment, replied, "I suppose that all seasons are good." "That is true, my son: they are all rich in blessings, and God, who sends them to us, knows far better than we what is good for us. Had the wish you expressed last winter been granted, we should have had no spring, no summer, no autumn."

11. "You would have had the earth always covered with snow, so that you might have had sleigh-rides and made snow-men. How many pleasures would you have lost in that event! It is well for us that we cannot have all things as we wish, but that God sends us what seems good to him."

LESSON X.

suffer	foot'stool	heav'en	longer
lit'tle	pray'er	wor'ship	a-bove'
chil'dren	pre-pare'	ho'ly	be-low'
sto'ry	wash'ed	al'tar	gath'er
call'ed	king'dom	sim'ple	de-ceive'

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

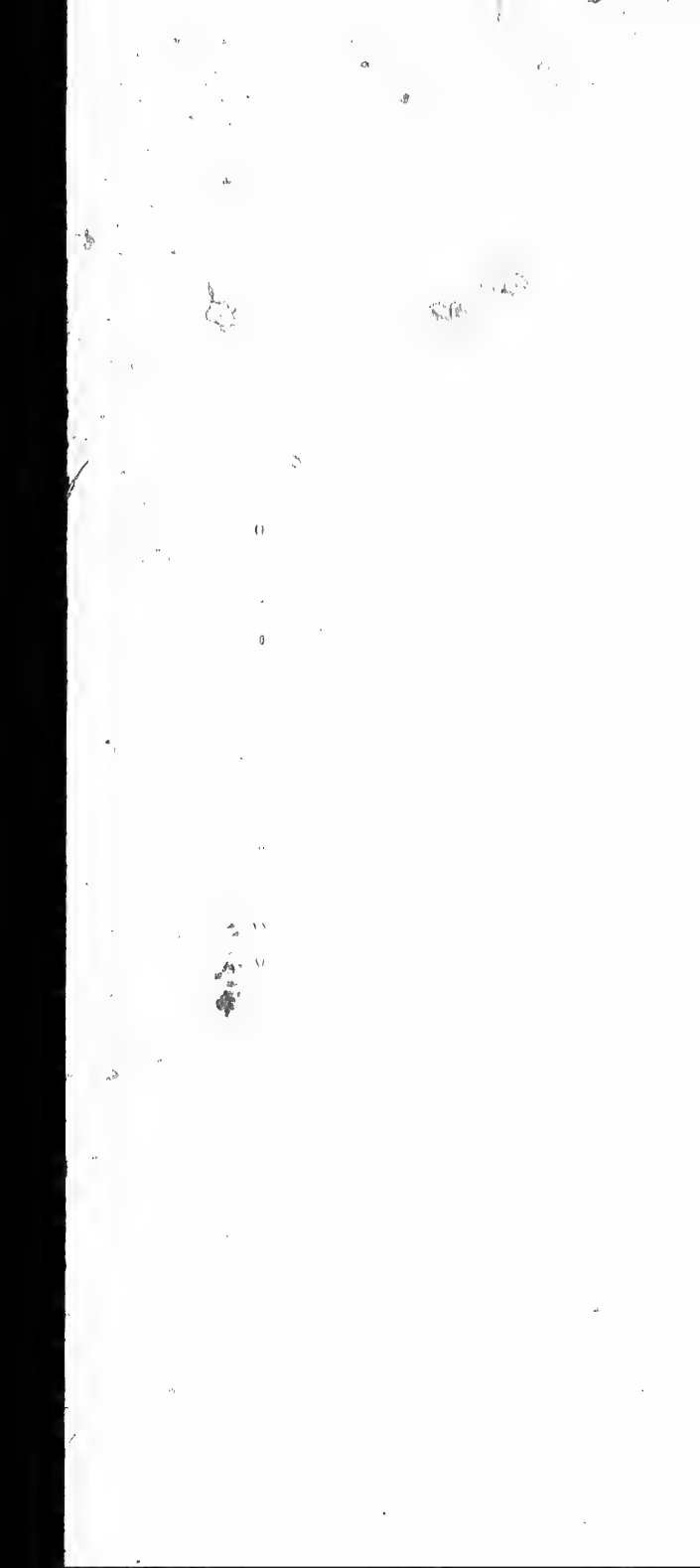
1. I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men;
How he called little children like lambs to his fold,

I should like to have been with him then.

2. How I wish that his hands had been laid on my head,

And my arms had been thrown round his knee,



And that I might have seen his kind looks
when he said:

‘Let the little ones come unto me.’

3. Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.



4. In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
For many dear children are gathering there,
And, “of such are the kingdom of heaven.”

5. Yet why should I think he's no longer on earth,

When he says: "I am all days with you ;"
For sure, if he loves little children like me,
Then his words must be simple and true.

6. No: he cannot deceive.—His dear mother
I'll call,

And straight to his altar repair ;
For he says he still dwells in that sweet, holy
place,

And a child may worship him there.

LESSON XI.

arms	niche	hour	a-sleep'	fig'ures
grasp	course	flood	finest	re-quir'ed
rude	wall	earth'ly	be-came'	im'age
none	those	be-neath'	fre'quent	re-press'
heart	would	stat'ue	pros'trate	de-grees'

THE LOST CHILD.

POOOR little Genoveffa! she was an orphan,
and had strayed away from the house of
her kind old nurse Mimi. She wandered for
hours and hours through the dark silent streets,
when all at once she caught sight of a faint,

glimmering light very far away. After a great deal of trouble, she made her way to it, and



stood gazing up with eyes of terror, trying to find out where the light was placed.

After a great
y to it, and

2. In the course of this scrutiny, she perceived that the deceitful lamp was burning before an image placed in a niche in the wall; her extreme disappointment had prevented her making this discovery at first, and something very like joy was fluttering at her heart as she drew near and found herself standing before an image of "the Virgin Mother and the Child," to which some pious person had endeavored to do honor by the votive offering of a lamp.

3. The figures indeed were rude, and had none of the beauty of those they represented; but, such as they were, they told the lost Genovessa that she had a mother in heaven who watched over her and prayed for her still, a divine Jesus who had died for her, and a heavenly father who would never forsake her. The finest statue could have done no more; and, with a recovered sense of safety, she twined her arms around it and wept at its feet, as she had done many an hour of late before the loved Madonna of her vanished home.

, trying to

4. She was now completely exhausted, and, by degrees, her sobs became less frequent, her arms relaxed their tight grasp of the statue, she sank lower and lower until she lay prostrate on

the pavement, and, five minutes afterwards, she was fast asleep—uncared for indeed by men, but well guarded by the Holy Ones in heaven, beneath whose earthly images she had sought protection.

LESSON XII.

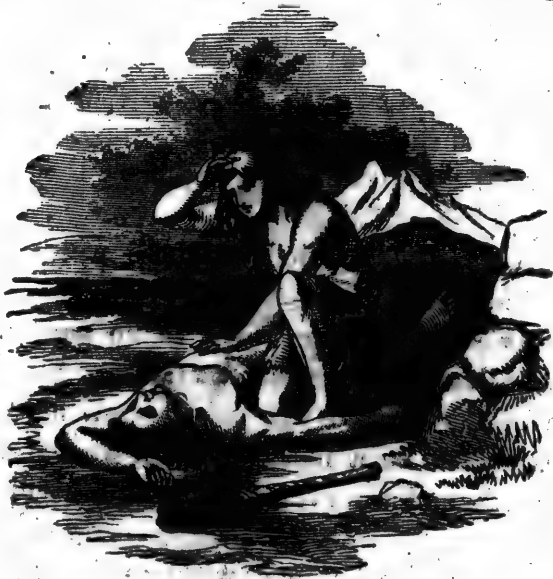
driv-en	par-a-dise	sac-ri-fice	dwelt
sec-ond	vi-o-lent	ac-cept-ed	heart
gen-tle	em-ploy-ed	pun-ish-ed	threw
work-ing	in-struct-ed	de-part-ed	shown

CAIN AND ABEL.

AFTER Adam and Eve were driven out of the earthly Paradise, they had two sons; the first was called Cain, and the second Abel. Abel was a shepherd, and was mild and gentle in his disposition. Cain was naturally violent and rough, and employed himself in working in the field. Being well instructed in the duties of their religion, both offered sacrifices to God, the author of their being; Cain offered the fruits of the earth, and Abel, the best and fattest sheep of his flock.

- 2. God accepted the sacrifice of Abel, because it was made with pious and holy dispositions;

but he rejected the offering of Cain, because his heart was not pure. This stung Cain to the quick; his countenance changed, and his heart was filled with jealousy. The piety of Abel gave him uneasiness; and a brother's good



qualities, which he himself had not, stirred up his envy into a most violent hatred. One day he asked his brother to walk with him into the field, and when they were alone, he rushed on Abel with a club and killed him. This was the first murder that defiled the earth.

3. The Lord called Cain and said to him: "Where is thy brother Abel?" Cain replied with insolence: "I know not; am I the keeper of my brother?" God then said to him: "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood cries unto me from the earth against thee. Cursed shalt thou be upon the earth, which thy hand has stained with thy brother's blood. When thou shalt till it, it shall not yield thee its fruits; a fugitive and a vagabond thou shalt be upon the earth."

4. Cain was terrified at these words, and exclaimed:

"My iniquity is too great to be pardoned! behold thou dost cast me out this day from the face of the earth, I will hide myself from thy face, I shall be a fugitive and a wanderer on the earth, and whoever shall meet me will kill me."

5. But God, who never wishes a sinner to fall into despair, immediately replied: "No, it shall not be so; but who shall kill Cain, shall be punished sevenfold."

6. And God set a mark upon Cain, that he might be known, and he departed from his native place and dwelt afterwards in the land

of Nod, as it is called in the Scriptures, east of Eden.

7. We may well imagine what grief and anguish this crime gave to the already sorrow-stricken parents of Cain and Abel. How Eve, on receiving intelligence of the murder, flew to the spot, and with a heart bleeding with sorrow, threw herself upon the lifeless body of her son, as is shown in the picture at the beginning of the lesson.

8. Let our young readers ever banish from their hearts every feeling of jealousy; and instead of being pained at the piety and virtue of their brothers, sisters, and companions, let them be rejoiced thereat. Jealousy is unworthy of a noble and generous soul. It was the vice of Cain; and will lead to the crime of Cain.

LESSON XIII.

wait-ed	mod-est	la-bor	an-swer-ed
search-ed	cheer-less	no-ble	lis-ten-ing
paus-ed	pierc-ing	dai-ly	tast-ed
shil-ling	fleet-ing	pray-er	toil-ed
wid-ow	quick-ly	cor-ner	wretch-ed
chil-dren	fall-ing	eld-est	be-cause

FAITH IN GOD.

1. I KNEW a widow, very poor,
Who four small children had;
The eldest was but six years old,
A gentle, modest lad.
2. And very hard this widow toiled
To feed her children four;
A noble heart the mother had,
Though she was very poor.
3. To labor, she would leave her home,
For children must be fed;
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.
4. And this was all the children had
On any day to eat:
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.
5. One day, when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.
6. Ere long I reached their cheerless home;
'Twas searched by every breeze;

When, going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

7. I paused to listen to the boy:
He never raised his head,
But still went on, and said, "Give us
This day our daily bread."
8. I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed;
And when he rose, I asked him why
That prayer he then had said.
9. "Why, sir," said he, "this morning, when
My mother went away,
She wept, because she said she had
No bread for us to-day.
10. "She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead;
And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.
11. "'Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins,
Which made me think that he,
As we have no kind father here,
Would our kind Father be.
12. "And then you know, sir, that the prayer
Asks God for bread each day;

So in the corner, sir, I went;
And that's what made me pray."

13. I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with fleeting feet;
And very soon was back again
With food enough to eat.

14. "I *thought* God heard me," said the boy.
I answered with a nod;
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of that boy's faith in God.

LESSON XIV.

ta-king	want-ed	be-hind
dis-grace	seem-ed	cheap-en
tri-fle	fu-ture	ex-e-cu-tion
your-self	wretch-ed	ma-li-cious
run-ning	hud-dled	dis-ap-point-ment
drown-ed	be-tween	con-so-la-tion
pa-pa	con-trives	un-re-al-i-ty
sibly	tempt-er	un-prof-it-a-ble

THE STOLEN PLATE.

"**H**AS your mind been running on that foolish plate ever since Saturday night?" cried my mother. "Well, if this is the way it

is to be, I shall stop your taking tea with your friends. You can't have every thing that you see other girls have, Kate, and you might as well make up your mind to it first as last."



2. At that refusal I burst into tears, but my mother only said coldly—

"Such a great girl as you, I am surprised

you should cry about such a trifle; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

3. "Jane Howard and Julia Vandamm will laugh at me when they come here to tea if I don't have it," said I, drowned in tears; "for I told them I was sure papa would buy me one."

"Very well," answered my mother; "then you need not invite them—that's all."

4. We got no other consolation from my dear mother, for she wanted to make me feel how silly I was, and Annie and I went to school in wretchedly low spirits. Nothing seemed before us in the future but flat disappointment and disgrace. We had boasted, and our boasts would soon be proved vain and empty words. We had fed our imaginations on the idea of possessing the beautiful plate, and the bubble had burst forever!

5. Once in the morning—it was luncheon-time—Jane Howard inquired of us, with a scornful and malicious air, as I imagined, whether my father had yet bought us pretty plates. Annie and I said nothing to each other on our way home that day, until we stopped by mutual, but tacit (that is, silent) consent at the old woman's.

6. As the tempter would have it—that is, the wicked spirit who puts bad thoughts into our heads and contrives opportunities for us to put them in execution—she was in the shop, and behind her counter, engaged with a customer. Then said I to Annie—

“Won’t you tell if I take it?”

7. And Annie promised that she would n’t. Somehow we got huddled together between the door and the stand. The old woman went on holding out her price against her customer, who was trying to cheapen her sewing-silk a penny a skein.

8. “Do you think she can see us?” asked I, in a whisper.

“No,” whispered Annie.

9. ‘Tis a wonder we never thought that God saw us; but it may be that we considered if He did, He would not tell our mother of us.

“Isn’t anybody coming, Annie?” said I.

“No,” said she, “nobody.”

10. I looked both ways to see if the street was clear, and my heart beat terribly. The old woman’s head was turned the other way, and I lifted the plate off the pile and slipped it into my school-bag, which Annie held open.



001

Then we got away as fast as we could. AND SO MY SISTER ANNIE AND I STOLE THE PRETTY PLATE.

LESSON XV.

while	rath-er	hid-ing	co-coa-nut
were	rose-tree	ex-pose	per-mis-sion
walk	feel-ing	ob-serve	re-turn-ing
sure	a-greed	in-deed	fi-nal-ly
true	bur-ied	nev-er	con-science
guilt	mat-ter	car-ry	dread-ful-ly

THE STOLEN PLATE.

CONTINUED.

"OH, Katy!" said Annie to me at last, while we were washing our faces before dinner; "I have no peace at all for thinking of that little plate in the garden. Do let us ask mother to let us take a walk after dinner, and carry it back."

2. "Oh no, Annie!" said I; "I don't like to do that."

"It will never do to leave it where it is, Katy!" replied Annie, who was always more thoughtful, foreseeing, and apprehensive than I.

could. AND
THE PRETTY

co-coa-nut
per-mis-sion
re-turn-ing
fi-nal-ly
con-science
dread-ful-ly

at last, while
before dinner;
g of that lit-
ask mother
and carry it

don't like to

where it is,
always more
nsive than I.

"It will be sure to come to light one of these days."



3. Considering there was only an inch or two of garden mould lying above it, this was obviously too true; and indeed our simplicity in hiding it in such a spot was as plain as our bad

conscience: but that is always the case, as I have since observed, and you may all read in stories about wicked people, that in their very attempts to hide their guilt, they generally contrive to expose themselves dreadfully to detection.

4. Well, it does not matter to tell what we both said for and against this new proposition of my sister Annie's—our fear of being seen in doing it, or even in taking it out of the ground where we had buried it, and the feeling of humiliation I had to think of returning it, after all it had cost us.

5. Finally, we agreed to do it. Mother gave us permission to take a walk; I went out into the garden, and being screened by the rose-tree, dug up the pretty plate unobserved, and hid it once more in my bosom.

6. We carried it back, and making an excuse of buying a cent's worth of cocoa-nut meat, while Annie paid the old woman, I watched my opportunity and put the plate back just where it was when I took it. And so we went and walked round the Battery, and ate our cocoa-nut rather silently, and returned home with such a load off our hearts!

LESSON XVI.

once	mar-ket	dis-tance	shout-ed
drove	horse-back	wag-on	bas-ket
town	laugh-ing	peas-ant	dou-ble
gone	i-dle	shep-herd	car-ry



THE MILLER AND HIS SON,

A MILLER and his son once drove an ass to the town to sell him in the market.

2. A man on horseback met them. "Oh!" said he, laughing, "what dull fellows you are to let the ass go idle, instead of one of you mounting him!"

3. The father immediately called to his son to mount.

After a while a wagon met them.

The wagoner called out to the son: "Are you not ashamed, you young fellow, to ride, while your old father has to go along by your side on foot?"

4. As soon as the son heard these words, he immediately jumped off the ass, and let his father get up.

After they had gone some distance farther along a sandy road, a peasant woman met them, carrying a basket full of fruit on her head.

5. "You are an unfeeling father," said she, "to make yourself so comfortable upon the ass, and to let your poor son plod through the deep sand."

The father, therefore, took his son also up on the ass.

6. But when a shepherd, who was tending sheep on the roadside, saw them both riding along on the ass, he shouted out: "Ah! the

n. "Oh!"
 ws you are
 one of you

to his son

on: "Are
 y, to ride,
 g by your

words, he
 and let his

ce farther
 met them,
 head.

said she,
 n the ass,
 the deep

also up on

tending
 h riding
 Ah! the

poor beast! he will surely fall to the ground under such a double load. You are torturing the poor beast unmercifully!"

7. They then both got down, and the son said to his father: "What shall we now do with the ass, in order to satisfy the people? We must at last tie his feet together, and carry him on a pole on our shoulders to market."

8. But his father said: "You observe now, my son, that it is impossible to please everybody; and that there is wisdom in the advice:

"The flatterer's smile, the cynic's sneer, despise:
 A wise man's strength in conscious virtue lies."

LESSON XVII.

watch-ing	won-ders	sud-den-ly	night
ti-dings	high-est	ap-pear-ed	born
un-to	in-fant	Sa-vi-our	struck
cit-y	shep-herd	heav-en-ly	laid
swad-dling	peo-ple	re-gard-ing	great
man-ger	o-ver	hap-pen-ed	known

THE ANGELS OF BETHLEHEM.

ABOUT twenty shepherds were watching their sheep by night, not far from the city of Bethlehem, where, you know, Christ the Lord

was born. Suddenly the Angel of the Lord appeared before them, a great light shone all around, and the shepherds were struck with fear.

2. But the Angel said: "Be not afraid; I bring you tidings of great joy for all the people. This night a Saviour is born unto you in the city of David. He is Christ the Lord, and by this sign you shall know him: You will find an infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger."

3. Then there appeared a great number of the heavenly spirits, and they sang the praises of God, saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." When the angels were gone, the shepherds said to each other: "Let us go over to Bethlehem, and see what has happened, that the Lord has made such things known to us."

4. They went in haste, and they found Mary and Joseph with the child laid in the manger. And they saw that all they had heard was true regarding that divine Infant. And then they told the wonders they had seen. And Mary the mother of Jesus kept these things in her heart.

tend
val-l
call-e

A L
i
flowe
ing
princ
hunt
him,
dear

LESSON XVIII.

tend-ing	mer-ry	main-tain	re-ceive
val-ley	rich-er	cheer-ful	be-cause
call-ed	laugh-ed	spir-it	bloom-ing



THE SHEPHERD-BOY.

A LIGHT-HEARTED shepherd-boy was tend-
 ing sheep, one bright spring morning, in a
 flowery valley, between wooded hills, and sing-
 ing and skipping about for very joy. The
 prince of the territory, who happened to be
 hunting in the district, saw him, called him to
 him, and said: "Why are you so merry, my
 dear little fellow?"

2. The boy did not know the prince, and replied: "Why should I not be merry? Our most gracious prince himself is not richer than I am."

"Indeed!" said the prince; "let me hear all that you have!"

3. "Why!" replied the boy, "the sun in the bright blue sky shines as pleasantly for me as for the prince, and hill and valley are as green and blooming for me as for him. I would not give my hands for a hundred thousand crowns, and I would not sell my eyes for all the jewels in the prince's treasure-chamber."

4. "In addition to this, I have all I desire; because I never wish for any thing more than I require. I eat my fill every day; I have clothes sufficient to dress neatly; and every year I receive as much money for my labor as supplies all my necessities. And, now, can you say that the prince has more?"

5. The good prince laughed, made himself known to the lad, and said:

"You are quite right, my good boy; and you can now say that the prince himself perfectly agrees with you. Only continue to maintain the same cheerful spirit, and you will do well."

LESSON XIX.

sol-dier

re-mem-ber

cap-tain

u-ni-form

dis-con-tent

can-non

pres-i-dent

broad-sword

✓ com-fort

THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE.

JOHN.

1. I MEAN to be a soldier,
 With uniform quite new;
 I wish they'd let me have a drum,
 And be a captain too:
 I would go amid the battle
 With my broad-sword in my hand,
 And hear the cannon rattle,
 And the music all so grand.

MOTHER.

2. My son! my son! what if that sword
 Should strike a noble heart,
 And bid some loving father
 From his little ones depart!
 What comfort would your waving plumes
 And brilliant dress bestow,
 When you thought upon the widow's tears
 And her orphan's cry of woe?

WILLIAM.

3. I mean to be a president;
And rule each rising state,
And hold my levees once a week
For all the gay and great:
I'll be a king, except a crown,
For that they won't allow,
And I'll find out what the tariff is,
That puzzles me so now.

MOTHER.

4. My son! my son! the cares of state
Are thorns upon the breast,
That ever pierce the good man's heart,
And rob him of his rest.
The great and gay to him appear
As trifling as the dust,
For he knows how little they are worth—
How faithless is their trust.

LOUISA.

5. I mean to be a cottage girl,
And sit beside a rill,
And morn and eve my pitcher, there,
With purest water fill;
And I'll train a lovely woodbine
Around my cottage door,

And welcome to my winter hearth
The wandering and the poor.

MOTHER.

6. Louisa, dear, an humble mind
'Tis beautiful to see,
And you shall never hear a word
To check that mind from me;
But ah! remember, pride may dwell
Beneath the woodbine shade;
And discontent, a sullen guest,
The cottage hearth invade.

CAROLINE.

7. I will be gay and courtly,
And dance away the hours;
Music, and sport, and joy shall dwell
Beneath my fairy bowers;
No heart shall ache with sadness
Within my laughing hall,
But the note of joy and gladness
Re-echo to my call.

MOTHER.

8. O children! sad it makes my soul
To hear your playful strain;
I cannot bear to chill your heart
With images of pain:

Yet humbly take what God bestows,
 And like his own fair flowers,
 Look up in sunshine with a smile,
 And gently bend in showers.

LESSON XX.

work-ed	al-most	in-clin-ed	wash-ing
as-sist	con-fess-ed	pov-er-ty	fin-ish
some-times	nu-mer-ous	grum-ble	Thurs-day

ELLEN'S DREAM.

ELLEN was a good girl, and worked hard to assist her mother in the support of a young and numerous family. It must be confessed, however, that she was sometimes inclined to grumble at the extreme poverty in which they lived, and she often used to think it very hard that, as the eldest of the children, almost the whole labor of the house fell to her share.

2. One day her mother said to her, "Ellen, my child, you must be up before light to-morrow morning, for I have an unusual quantity of washing this week, and I shall not be able to finish it in time without your assistance."

3. "But this is only Thursday, mother," an-

answered Ellen. "You never want your washing finished before Saturday."

4. "The family whose washing I want to finish are going into the country on Friday. I must have their things home upon Thursday evening. That is the reason I want your assistance; for they are good customers, and I cannot afford to lose them, which I should certainly deserve to do if I neglected their orders."

5. Ellen said no more, but she thought to herself, "The children in that family are rich, and happy, and comfortable; they have servants to attend them, and every thing on earth they can wish for; while I am obliged to toil hard for a morsel of bread."

6. "Even my little brothers and sisters are better off than I am, for they can sleep as long as they like; while I am forced to get up in the cold and dark, long before I have slept off the weariness of a hard day's work."

7. Ellen's mother saw that her daughter was vexed, but she took no notice of it, as she was sure she would soon be sorry for her peevish feelings. And she was quite right in this; for, after saying her prayers as well as she could,

Ellen crept to her poor bed, and trying hard to repress her fit of ill-humor, soon fell fast asleep.

8. Generally Ellen slept so soundly that she never was disturbed by a passing thought: but it was quite otherwise on this particular night; for no sooner was her head upon the pillow, than she dreamed she saw a beautiful angel standing close beside it.

9. His robes were of dazzling whiteness, his long hair fell down to his waist, and his wings were so bright that they filled the whole cottage with light, and even the miserable table and chairs of the little chamber seemed to drop down diamonds like summer dew.

10. While Ellen gazed upon him with wonder and delight, he said, in a voice of heavenly sweetness, "Ellen, you have been grumbling this night at your poverty, and envying those who are richer than yourself.

11. "I am your guardian angel; and because you are generally a dutiful daughter, and try to conquer your inclination to discontent, it has been permitted me to show you the advantages of the state which you find it so difficult to endure. Get up and follow me."

12. Ellen thought she rose and followed him

trying hard to
fell fast asleep.
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thought: but
rticular night;
on the pillow,
beautiful angel

whiteness, his
and his wings
he whole cot-
miserable table
seemed to drop

with wonder
of heavenly
en grumbling
envying those

; and because
ter, and try to
content, it has
ne advantages
difficult to en-

followed him

until they were both standing in the open coun-
try, before an altar dedicated to our Blessed
Lady. A crown of thorns and a crown of roses
were laid upon the altar, and upon the steps
stood a lady of surpassing beauty, whom she
instantly knew to be the Mother of God.



17. The angel now pointed towards the open
country; and following with her eyes the direc-

tion of his finger, Ellen saw another angel advancing towards the altar, and leading by the hand a very young child, whose garments were even poorer than her own, but whose face was full of content and joy; she knelt down upon the lowest step of the altar, and the lady advanced towards her, holding the two crowns in her hand.

14. Ellen felt quite sure she was going to give the roses to the happy child; but her angelic guide whispered softly, "Not yet," and turning again, she saw that Mary had already placed the wreath of thorns among the little creature's curls.

LESSON XXI.

af-fec-tion-ate	as-ton-ish-ment	cru-ci-fi-ed
mo-men-ta-ry	in-dig-na-tion	in-ter-ces-sion
ev-i-dent-ly	ob-scu-ri-ty	at-ten-tive-ly

ELLEN'S DREAM.

CONTINUED.

THEN the lady disappeared, and the angel drew a little aside and folded his wings over his face as if in prayer; but still Ellen felt

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though she did not see it, that he continued to watch over the child, who appeared to be under his care, and who remained sitting alone on the step of the altar. But it was no longer the happy child it had appeared before.

2. A dark shadow seemed to have fallen upon it; its garments were changed into rags, which were quite unable to preserve it from the cold; tears streamed from its eyes, and its round merry face had become pale, and sad, and pinched by hunger.

3. Still Ellen saw that the little hands were clasped in prayer, and that the eyes were often raised towards heaven, and at such times a look of affectionate devotion gave momentary beauty to the wasted countenance; her angel also would frequently draw closer to her, and his presence evidently gave her ineffable delight.

4. Many people now appeared to pass before the altar: most of them took no notice of her; but one or two, with a kind of contemptuous good-nature, threw her a crust of bread, which she always took with expressions of gratitude. Others, however, were very unkind, speaking harshly to her, and even striking her on the face; but all their ill-treatment she received

with meekness, and only prayed more earnestly for her cruel tormentors.

5. Ellen was about to express her indignation at their cruelty, but the angel placed his hand upon her mouth, and bade her look once more, and tell him what she saw. But she could scarcely answer him, her astonishment was so unbounded.

6. "Her angel is close beside her, and Mary is standing before her, and her rags are all gone, and she wears a robe covered with diamonds, and as dazzling as your own," she said at last.

"The poverty of this world is the wealth of eternity," said the angel. "Look once more."

7. "Mary has wiped away her tears, and her face is more happy and smiling than ever."

"Happy are they who sow in tears, for they shall reap them in joy and gladness," returned her guardian; "now look again."

8. "Mary has placed her hands on the crown of thorns, and they have budded out into beautiful roses."

"Even so," said the angel; "the thorns of this earth are the roses of Paradise. Now, for the last time,—look."

9. "Crowds of angels are around her; Mary

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takes her in her arms; and ONE is coming now—I may not look upon HIM," said Ellen, sinking on her knees and covering her face with her hands.

10. "You are right," answered the angel; "mortal eyes may not look upon His beauty! Yet, like the child whom Mary even now places on His breast, He was born to poverty and rags, He walked through the world in obscurity and want, and died a man of sorrows on a shameful cross.

11. "Had there been a shorter road to heaven, think you not He would have chosen it? and deem you not He must love those who are poor in spirit and in very deed, since He himself first drank of the chalice that He now holds to their lips? Ellen, as He once said to His followers, so do I now say unto you, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' Yea, even on the bosom of their Crucified Saviour."

12. There was an awful pause, during which the songs of the angelic choirs seemed receding in the distance; then Ellen, who had not ventured to look up again, felt the angel touch her hand, and found herself once more in her little

bed, while he was standing still close beside her pillow, and his voice sounded more sweet and seraphic than ever in her ears, as he thus addressed her :

13. "The child whom you have seen this night was once a little beggar-girl, and an orphan from her tenderest years; but by her fervent prayers she obtained a mother in the Queen of Heaven, more watchful and tender than mortal parent could have ever been.

14. "Through Mary's all-powerful intercession, she obtained the grace to receive poverty with patience, and contempt with joy; and this very night she has received her reward; for her good heavenly mother with crowds of angels attended her bed of death, and bore her happy soul to the bosom of her God, where her tears have been wiped away, and her sorrow has been changed into joy.

15. "My daughter, now you know the use of sorrow and of tears. Pray to Mary that you also may have patience and suffering, and that your death may be like that of the beggar-child who went to heaven last night."

16. The angel ceased to speak, and the light seemed to fade from his wings until Ellen was

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left in total darkness. Just then her mother's voice roused her from her slumbers, and Ellen sprang from her bed, a wiser girl than she had ever been before.

17. "Why, Ellen," said her mother the next evening, in great astonishment, "you have done more work to-day than you ever did in your life before; and you seem so happy that I should not know you for the same girl you were yesterday."

18. "I am not the same girl, mother," said Ellen, gravely.

"Why, what has changed you so much, Ellen?"

"It was a dream I had last night, mother."

"Dreams are foolish things, Ellen, generally speaking."

19. "But mine was not a foolish dream, mother." And Ellen then told her dream, to which her mother listened very attentively. And when she had finished her account, her mother said:

20. "Well, Ellen, I cannot say your dream is foolish, after all. And I hope you will think of it whenever you are inclined to grumble at other people being richer than yourself."

21. And Ellen did think of it very often. She became the comfort and support of her mother, and though she never was richer, she always continued cheerful and contented; and whenever she heard any one speaking impatiently of their poverty or suffering, she used to call to mind the visit of her angel, and to whisper softly to herself, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

LESSON XXII.

ban-ish-ed	in-creas-ed	re-main-ed
wick-ed-ness	ex-am-ple	pu-ri-ty
of-fer-ed	un-hap-py	re-solv-ed
un-wor-thy	wick-ed-ness	com-mand-ed

THE ARK AND THE DELUGE.

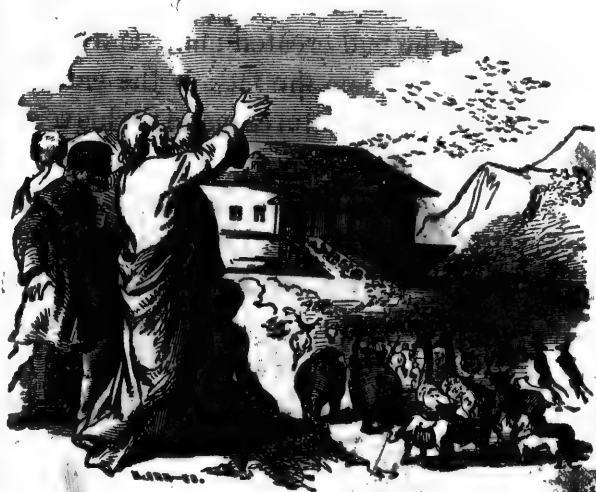
CAIN being banished on account of his wickedness, and separated from the rest of Adam's family, went to live in a country to the east of the Garden of Eden. He was now an impenitent sinner, and was unworthy to be present where the sacrifices were to be offered to Almighty God.

2. He became the father of a numerous fam-

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ily, and brought up his children without the fear or knowledge of God, and consequently they became a very wicked race of men. The sins of the earth increased in proportion to the number of its inhabitants.



3. Adam had another son, called Seth, born after the death of Abel. The descendants of Seth were pious and distinguished for their virtues, until falling in with the race of Cain, they lost their virtue and became corrupt and wicked like the rest,—a fearful example of the unhappy effects of bad company.

In the course of time, their wickedness

became so great and so universal, that scarcely any virtue remained on earth. Man had so far fallen from his original state of purity and innocence, that he seemed a disgrace even to the creatures that had been made for his use.

5. The Lord, as the Scripture expresses it, repented that he had created man; and resolved to sweep him off from the face of the earth, and with him all living creatures made for his service.

6. Noah alone was a just man, who, with his three sons Sem, Cham, and Japhet, found favor before God. To Noah, therefore, God made known the awful resolution he had taken of destroying the world by an universal deluge, and as he intended to show mercy to him and his family, he commanded him to build a large vessel, called the Ark, according to dimensions he then gave him.

7. Noah set to work at once to build the Ark, and was two hundred years in completing it. During this time men saw the preparations he was making, and though they were not ignorant of the divine threat to destroy the world, still they did not regard it, or considered it far distant.

8. As soon as the Ark was finished, Noah, as he had been directed by Almighty God, took

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into it a certain number of every kind of birds and beasts; and, having executed this order, he himself, with his wife, his three sons and their wives, also entered the Ark.



9. Immediately after this, the heavens were overcast, and the rain fell in torrents during the space of forty days and forty nights. The waters began to rise by degrees, and soon covered the tallest trees and highest mountains. Then those wicked men who had derided Noah while he was building the Ark, were filled with terror and alarm.

10. They ran from one place to another, in order to save themselves from approaching death. They ascended lofty trees and high rocks; but all in vain: the rising waters soon overtook them, and buried them in its raging flood. All were destroyed except Noah and his family in the Ark, which rose with the rising waters, and floated in triumph on the surface.

11. Thus did Almighty God destroy the whole human race, except the eight persons in the Ark, on account of the wickedness which prevailed among men. Let children learn from this how grievous is sin in the sight of heaven; and learn to avoid it, if they would avoid the punishment thereof.

LESSON XXIII.

flight-y

sport-ive

hap-py

im-plore

be-came

kneel-ing

caus-ed

par-don

com-mu-nion

a-part-ment

ten-der-ness

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THE GARLAND OF FLOWERS.

EMMMA was a flighty and sportive child; but when she attained her twelfth year, as she was preparing to make her first communion, she

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became grave and recollected. When the happy day arrived, she entered her mother's apartment very early, and kneeling before her, said: "My dearest mother, pardon, I implore you, the pangs my faults have caused you, in order that I may receive my God with holy hope and a pure conscience."

2. The mother clasped Emma to her bosom, shed tears of tenderness over her, and placing her right hand on her daughter's head, gave her her benediction. She then placed on her brow a muslin veil and a garland of white flowers, saying: "May these beautiful flowers be the emblem of the purity of your soul!"

3. When Emma returned from church, she said to her mother, with a heart full of holy joy: "I will preserve this garland all the days of my life, as a memento of my happiness; but as those flowers, if exposed, might lose somewhat of their beautiful whiteness, will you let me have them encased in a glass frame?"

4. "With pleasure," replied the mother; "but on condition that each time you look on your garland, you will recollect that innocence, like it, is a delicate flower which the least breath may sully."

LESSON XXIV.

at-tain-ed

en-gag-ed

pre-tend-ing

pos-sess-ed

bu-si-ness

pro-nounc-ed

con-tempt-i-ble

or-der-ed

de-ceiv-ed

pun-ish-ed

dis-taste-ful

per-suad-ing

THE LIAR.

ALPHONSUS had nearly attained his tenth year before he could read, but had he possessed the knowledge of a Newton or a Cuvier, he would still be vile and contemptible, for he was stained with the most odious crime that can degrade man: he was a liar.

2. Did he filch fruit or any other delicacy, he would persuade the world of the contrary, and that it must be the cat or the dog that made away with the dainty. Did he break a glass or an article of that nature, he would suffer all the servants to be punished sooner than acknowledge himself guilty.

3. Alphonsus, however, had neither father nor mother, and his guardian was too much engaged in business to think of his education. At length, however, he blushed at the ignorance of Alphonsus, and ordered his housekeeper, un-

der penalty of being discharged, to conduct him daily to school.

4. The discipline of the school was very distasteful to the boy, and he taxed his ingenuity for pretexts to excuse his absence; but the housekeeper was inexorable. Once, however, Alphonsus triumphed over her sternness, by pretending sickness.

5. This stratagem did not prove of long success; for the physician was called in and pronounced him well: so he was obliged on the morrow to resume his paper and books. The following Monday, Alphonsus again deceived the vigilance of the housekeeper, persuading her that it being the anniversary of the teacher's birth-day, all the scholars got a holiday.

6. But the latter sent to demand the reason of Alphonsus' absence, and the housekeeper, in a passion, declared that she should be no longer the young knave's dupe. The next day she entered Alphonsus' room at the usual hour.

7. The latter complained of pain through his body and a violent headache. The housekeeper, persuaded that he was lying as usual, pulled him out of bed, dressed him hastily, and led him off to school despite his tears and piteous appeals.

8. The air was very penetrating; and Alphonsus, who was this time really sick, became much more so in consequence of this imprudent egress. When he arrived at school, he could scarcely stand; unfortunately he was still believed to be acting, and the teacher, instead of pitying him, became irritated at his wiles.

9. At last he swooned off; he was then obliged to be carried home and put to bed. He was then seized with a violent fever; the small-pox made its appearance, and the unfortunate Alphonsus remained several weeks in suspense between life and death.

10. He finally recovered, but his face was terribly pitted with the pox, and he continued disfigured the rest of his life. The liar, says the Scripture, is an abomination in the sight of God; and his punishment on earth is, never to be believed, even when he tells the truth.

LESSON XXV.

heath-er	trib-ute	flow-ers	ceas-ed
but-ter	mid-way	al-most	paus-ing
frisk-ing	noon-tide	droop-ing	plough-man
sing-ing	lus-tre	wood-land	be-neath

THE ANGELUS BELL.

FIRST CHILD—MORNING.

1. **H**AIL, Mary! now the sun is up
 All things around look glad and bright,
 And heather-bell and butter-cup
 Shake off the dew-drops of the night.
 The lambs are frisking in the fields,
 The lark is singing in the sky;
 And man his waking tribute yields
 To thee and thy sweet Son on high

SECOND CHILD—NOON.

2. Hail, Mary! midway in the sky
 The noontide sun its lustre sheds,
 The field-flowers almost seem to die,
 So low they hang their drooping heads.
 The lambs have sought the woodland shade,
 The lark has ceased her note of glee;
 And pausing in the furrowed glade,
 The ploughman lifts his heart to thee.

THIRD CHILD—EVENING.

3. Hail, Mary! now the sun is far
 Adown his western path of light,
 The flowers, beneath the evening star,
 Drink up the dew-drops of the night.

The lambs are by their mothers laid,
 The lark is brooding o'er her nest,
 And when the evening prayer is made,
 Then weary man shall sink to rest.

LESSON XXVI.

gath-er-ing	bon-net	e-ven-ing
straw-ber-ries	burn-ing	dil-i-gent-ly
pro-tect-ed	look-ing	con-tin-u-ed
cheer-ful-ly	pro-cure	fu-ri-ous-ly

THE LITTLE LAMB.

CHRISTINA, a poor little girl of about ten years, was in the woods gathering strawberries. It was a very hot afternoon; and in the open, sunny part of the wood; where there was not a breath of air, the heat was very great. Her light straw bonnet scarcely protected her from the burning rays of the sun.

2. The clear drops stood upon her forehead, and her cheeks glowed like fire; still she continued diligently to gather the strawberries, without ever looking up. "For," said she, cheerfully, as she wiped her forehead with her handkerchief, "they are for my poor, sick

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mother. The money for which I shall sell my berries, will procure some little things to do her good. I will buy her some nice tea and an orange.

3. Towards evening, with her basket full of strawberries, she went through the woods back home. It began to grow very dark. The drops of rain fell faster and faster, and the heavy peals of thunder resounded in the distance. As she came out of the woods a tempest arose, the rain beat furiously against her, and black clouds arose in the fiery evening sky, towering over one another like mountains.

4. Christina knew that the lightning most frequently strikes the highest trees, and therefore she sought shelter at a distance from them, beneath some hazel-bushes; and here she stood waiting until the storm should pass away. But suddenly she heard among the bushes close at hand, a mournful cry, almost like that of a little child.

5. The storm and rain and thunder and lightning did not prevent this good little girl from going to see what it was. She went, and lo! there was a tender little lamb, all dripping with rain and shivering in the storm. "Ah,

you poor little creature!" said Christina; "you must not perish—come, I will take you home with me."



6. And she took the lamb carefully in her arms, and as soon as the rain ceased, she hurried home with it to her little cottage. "Oh dear mother!" said she, as soon as she entered their clean, tidy little room, "look what I have found! Look what a beautiful little sheep! Oh, how lucky I was! What care I shall take of it. It shall be my only pleasure."

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7. "Child," said the sick mother, raising herself up in bed, and supporting her head on her hand, "in your joy you forget that this lamb must have an owner. It has only strayed away, and, therefore, we must give it back again. It probably belongs to the rich farmer over the hill. It is not right to keep other people's property a single night in the house. So you had better carry it home to-night."

8. "What nonsense!" cried a rough voice through the open window. "It is folly to be so particular!" The man who said this was a mason, who, while outside repairing the wall of their cottage, had overheard their conversation. The mother and daughter looked at him in alarm; but he continued: "Why do you make such strange faces? I only speak for your good. We will cut up the lamb and divide it."

9. "We shall have a couple of little roasting-pieces from the flesh, and the skin, too, is worth something. The rich farmer has more than a hundred fine large sheep; and, doubtless he will never feel the loss of this poor little thing. So I will kill it immediately. And you need not be afraid. No one sees us, and you may

trust me; I can be as silent," said he, flinging a trowel full of mortar on the wall—"as silent as a wall."

10. Christina was shocked at what the mason said. The thought how wicked it would be to keep the lamb, now became clear to her. "You are wrong," said she to the mason. "Though no man sees us, yet God does! But you, dearest mother, are ~~w~~right—and I only wonder that what you said did not occur to myself. Gladly, indeed," continued she, while the tears started into her eyes, "gladly would I have kept the little lamb! Yet we ought to be willing to obey our good God."

11. She wrapped the lamb in her apron, and went with it towards the farmer's, though the rain had not yet quite ceased, and the sun had almost set.

LESSON XXVII.

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THE LITTLE LAMB.

CONTINUED.

WHEN Christina drew near the farmer's house, she saw his wife standing at the door, with the youngest child in her arms, while the elder ones stood around her. They were looking at the beautiful rainbow, which now after the storm appeared among the dark gray clouds in all the splendor of its seven colors.

2. "Look at the rainbow," said the mother, as she pointed with uplifted arm, "and glorify

Him that made it. In the fiery lightning and fearful thunder, God shows us his great power and majesty; but in the beautiful colors of the rainbow, He displays his goodness and His mercy."

3. Christina was charmed, now in looking at the beautiful colors of the rainbow, now at the smiling faces of the children; and she was silent until the rainbow disappeared. Then she took the lamb out of her apron, and setting it on its feet, told how she had found it.

4. "It was very good and honest of you," said the farmer's wife, kindly, "to come out so late in the evening, and even while it was raining! You are a good, honest little girl."

5. "That she is, indeed," said the farmer, who now came out. "I trust that you, my children, will ever be as honest and as upright as this poor little girl. It is better never to have a single sheep, and to be honest and virtuous, than to be the dishonorable and dishonest possessor of a hundred.

6. "The honesty which impelled this poor child to bring back the lamb, is a treasure of the heart more precious than a whole flock of sheep,—a treasure of which the wolf or the

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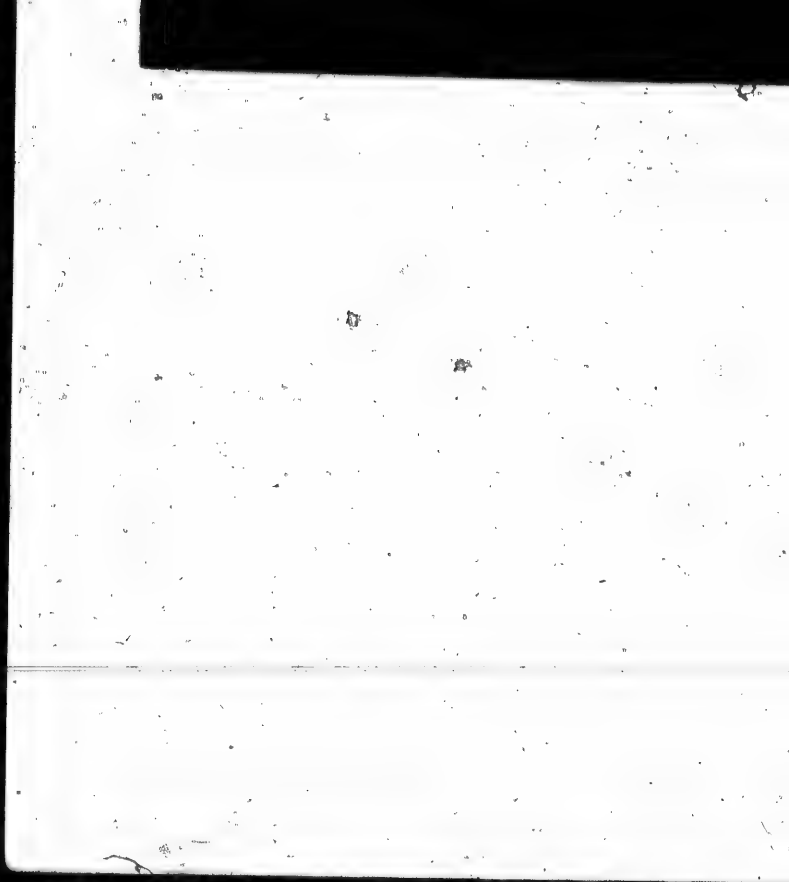
enemy can never deprive her." Frank, the farmer's little boy, now ran to the fold and brought out the old sheep.

7. How the little thing jumped and sprang about her for joy! "Oh!" cried Christina, when she saw this; "if it were only for this delight that the poor little thing feels, I do not regret bringing it back—though I wished so much to keep it!"

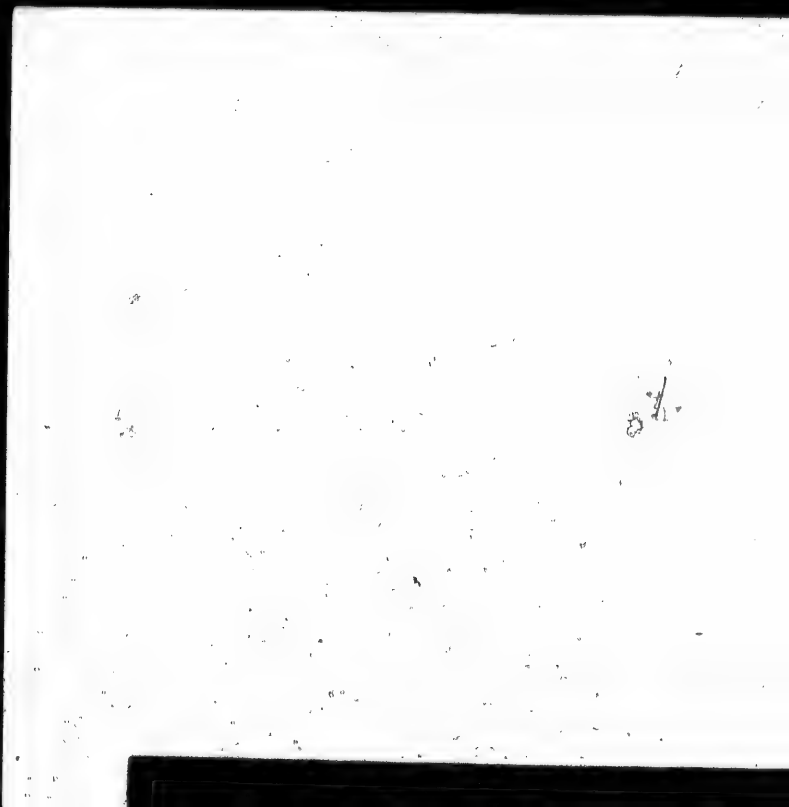
8. "Well," said the farmer, "since you are so honest, and so fond of the little creature, I will make you a present of it. But it would do you no good at present. It cannot live without milk, and would perish miserably. But in about a fortnight it will be strong enough to feed on grass and herbs, and then Frank will bring it to you."

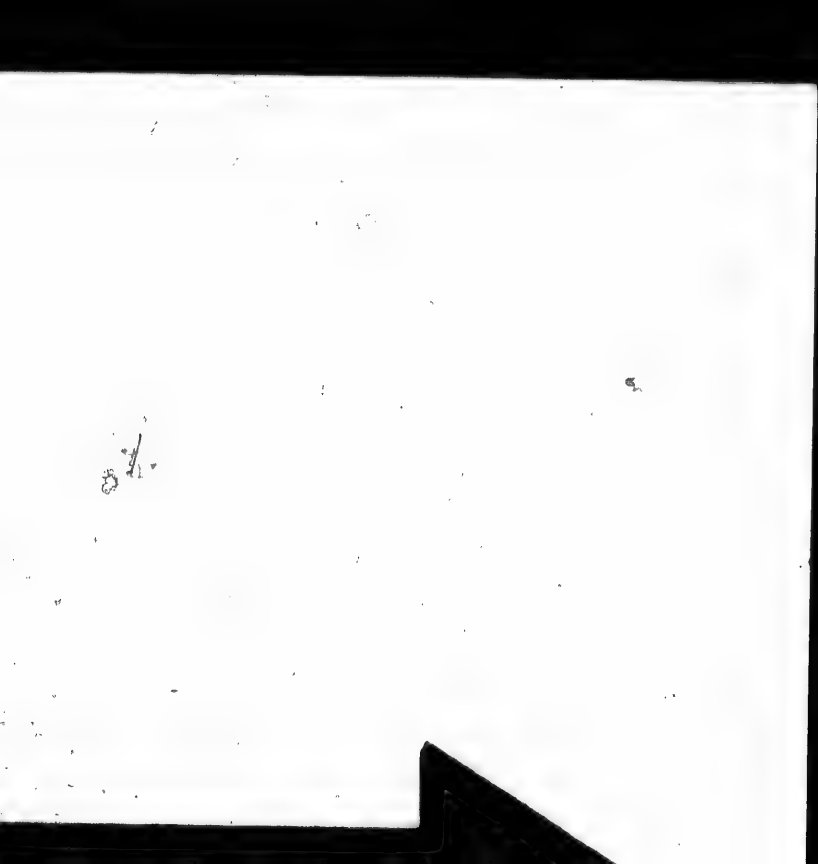
9. "But be sure to take good care of it," said his wife. "It will neither be troublesome nor expensive to bring it up. While you are gathering strawberries or sewing, you can easily herd it, and, without ever trespassing on any one's meadow, you can gather as much grass to dry for hay, as will feed it during the winter."

10. "When it once grows up, the milk will be very useful for your own and your mother's









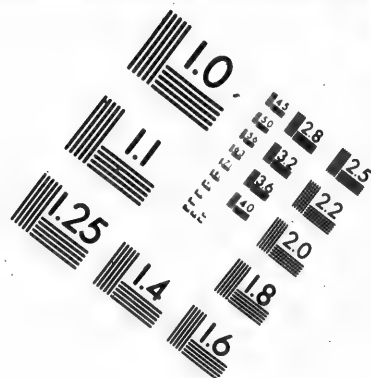
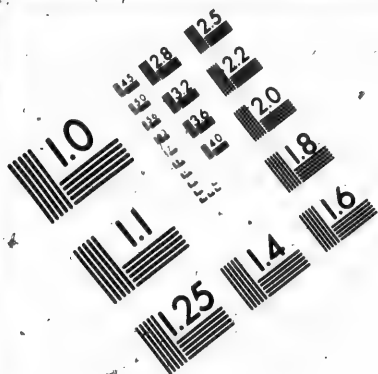
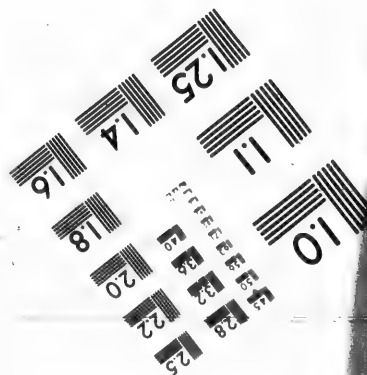
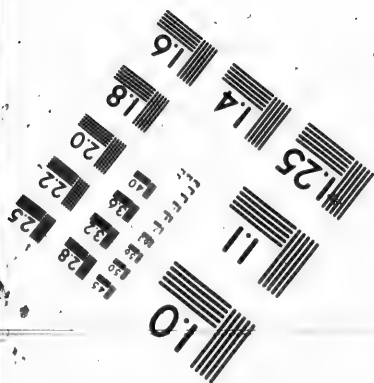
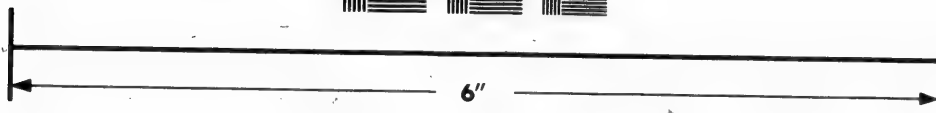
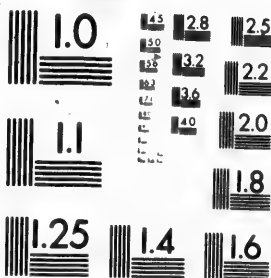


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humble housekeeping, and the wool will supply a few pairs of stockings every year."

"And if you have luck," said the farmer's little boy, "perhaps you will have a whole flock in time!"

11. Christina was forced to stay for supper, and heartily enjoyed the milk and bread and butter. The good woman then gave her a fine large slice of fresh, rich butter, wrapped in vine-leaves, and a dozen of eggs, to carry home. "Take these to your mother," said she, while she carefully put the eggs in her apron; "greet her kindly from me, and may God soon restore her to health!"

12. Christina hastened joyfully home through the flowery little valley. Meanwhile the sky had cleared, and the evening star and the slender moon, which now appeared for the first time, beamed gently into the valley. All the flowers and shrubs still dropped with rain, and had a fragrant perfume. Christina's heart felt indescribably happy.

13. "The heaven and earth," thought she, "are always more beautiful after a storm; but I never before saw them look so sweet and lovely as they do this evening."

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When she reached home, she told all this to her mother.

14. "You see," said her mother, "it is just as I told you. That is the pleasure of a good conscience. When we do what is right, our heart is filled with sweet peace; for God teaches us through our conscience that he is pleased with us. O Christina! always hearken to the voice of conscience, and never do any thing that is not right and just before God.

15. "You know well we are poor, and have very little in this world; but let us keep a good conscience, and we are rich enough; and we will never want happiness—yes, the noblest and sweetest happiness in the world will be ours."

LESSON XXVIII.

wa-ters	sev-en	ex-tend-ing	de-stroy-ed
rest-ed	pe-ri-od	sub-sid-ed	as-sign-ed
moun-tain	for-got-ten	cov-e-nant	dis-as-ter

NOAH LEAVES THE ARK.

THE waters, after the Deluge, remained upon the earth for a period of one hundred and forty days. At the end of this time, God, who

had not forgotten Noah in the Ark, sent forth a strong wind, which gradually dried up the waters.

2. As the waters subsided, the Ark rested on the top of a mountain, called Ararat, in Armenia. After the Ark had rested for some time on this mountain, Noah, anxious to know if the waters were dried up on the plains below, opened the window of the ark and sent forth a crow; but the crow did not return again to the Ark.

3. He then sent out a dove, which, not finding a place to rest upon, returned, and Noah extending his hand took it again into the Ark. At the end of seven days the dove was sent out again, and in the evening of the same day returned, bearing a branch of green olive, which Noah joyfully received, as he learned by this, not only that the waters had subsided, but that God was now reconciled with the world.

4. In obedience to the command of God, Noah then went forth from the Ark, accompanied by his sons and their families, and taking all the living creatures. No sooner had he reached the earth, which had been so long deluged in water, than he erected an altar and

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offered a sacrifice to Almighty God, in grateful thanks for his preservation from the dangers of the destroying flood. God was pleased with the piety of Noah, and accepted the sacrifice.

5. He blessed him and his children, and promised never to curse the earth again on account of the sins of men. "I will establish," said He, "my covenant with you, and all flesh shall no more be destroyed with the waters of the flood."

6. And as an evidence of his reconciliation, and an assurance of his promises, he assigned the rainbow as a token of peace between himself and the human race.

7. "Whenever you shall see my bow in the heavens," said he, "be assured that I am mindful of the contract and the promises I have made, never to destroy the world again with another flood." Faithfully has God kept his promise; for to the present time no similar disaster has befallen the world, though the crimes of men continue daily to cry to Heaven for vengeance.

8. Whenever we see the beautiful rainbow in the heavens, it ought to remind us of the mercy and goodness of God towards us. And

it is a beautiful practice, every time we see the rainbow, to make in our minds a short act of thanksgiving to Almighty God, for His mercy to fallen man—saying in all the fervor of our souls: “O God! we thank thee for thy infinite goodness and mercy; praise be to thy holy name! Pardon and forgive thy sinful children!”

LESSON XXIX.

Christ-mas	gath-er-ed	be-gin-ning
un-til	re-peat-ed	se-ri-ous
glad-ly	con-sent-ed	de-struc-tion
a-greed	what-ev-er	ex-cus-ed
cir-cle	dif-fer-ence	an-swer-ed

A NEW GAME FOR CHILDREN.

ONE evening, during the Christmas holidays, after the children of St. Edmund's School had exhausted all the games they knew, they gathered around sister Agnes, exclaiming: “Oh, sister, give us a new game!” This was no sooner said by one than it was repeated by all the rest, until the good sister's ears were almost stunned by the cries of, “Oh yes, sister, a new game!”

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2. At last she consented, if they would do whatever she said, which they gladly agreed to.

"Well, then," said she, "come form a circle around the stove." And immediately a large ring was formed. "Now, silence!" said sister Agnes; and all was quiet except a few titters.

3. "I am going to give you a game at *thinking*," said the sister. "I want you to think and tell me *the best thing you can, that begins very small or trifling, and ends in something very large, great, or beautiful*. I shall judge that to be the best that has the greatest difference between its beginning and its end. And I have a small prize for the one that chooses the best." And she pulled out of her pocket a very large apple, plump and rosy.

4. "I shall give you ten minutes to think, and no one must speak till I say the time is up."

The apple was greatly admired, and they were soon busy thinking.

"Time is up," said the sister; and then she began to question the children, as follows:

5. "Well, Emily, what have you been thinking of?"

"Going up a ladder," said Emily; "we begin

with a step from the ground, and end with getting to the top of a high house."

"Very good," said sister Agnes. "You begin with something very low, and end with something very high. A step at a time does wonders, and gets over many a difficulty. Now, Martha?"

6. "I have thought of the acorn and an oak," said Martha. "We sow an acorn in the ground, and it results in a large, wide-spreading oak."

"That will do," said the sister. "Seed is often very small, and the fruit sometimes a hundred-fold. Let us see, then, that the seed we sow is good, so that the fruit may multiply accordingly. The next?"

7. "A fire," said Jenny; "a child can light a lucifer match, but the end may be that a city is destroyed."

"Very good," said sister Agnes. "Scripture reminds us how great a matter a little fire kindleth. Beware of playing with fire, then."

The next two had not thought of any thing. The sixth said—

8. "I thought of a serious quarrel. A man might say an angry word to another, and thus

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cause a quarrel and a fight, and end in the loss of a life."

"Very true. Scripture calls the tongue 'an unruly member,' and compares a quarrel to a destruction by fire. Beware of evil words. The next?"

9. "Mine is a brick and a house," said Lucy. "We begin with a single brick and end with a large house."

"Yes, it is so. Then never despise little things. Little by little does wonders. Now, Lizzy?"

10. "I have thought that we begin to learn a letter at a time, and end by reading all the hard names in the Bible."

"Bravo!" cried one. "That's the prize," said another.

11. "Wait," said the sister; "it is a good answer, and reminds me that some great men began to learn twice two are four, and ended by telling us how many miles distant the sun and moon are. Do not neglect your lessons, children. When you are young ladies you will need all you can learn now."

12. The next three had not thought of any thing, or declined to say it after hearing Lizzy's

answer. Last of all, came little Emma, who, when called on, said—

“Oh, give the prize to Lizzy, hers is such a good one!”

13. “But you must tell us yours,” said the sister, smilingly. She begged timidly to be excused, though she had thought of something; but, at last, said, “I have thought that we begin with asking Jesus to forgive us, and trusting in His mercy, and end with living forever with Him in heaven.”

14. “That’s best of all,” said Sarah.

“Silence,” said sister Agnes; “let me decide. Those who have given an answer have answered well, and given several good instances of the result of little things. Never despise little things when you see to what they lead. But I think you will agree with me that Emma’s is the best answer. It begins on earth—*ends in heaven*. It begins while we are lost and ruined—*ends with us safe, holy, and happy*.

15. “And let us, dear children, not be content with thinking and speaking of that great salvation, but let us look well to the *present means*—BELIEVING IN God, and serving Him alone; and our final end will be happiness

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with Him in heaven." The apple was given to Emma, who insisted that all should have an equal share of the PRIZE. Was not this a nice game, and a useful one, too?

LESSON XXX.

de-sire	drift-ing	pre-vent-ed	has-ten-ed
dur-ing	hap-pen-ed	anx-i-ous	shel-ter-ing
win-ter	cov-er-ed	cheer-ful-ly	un-a-ble



WILLY AND HIS LITTLE SISTER.

MANY years ago, there lived in the State of Ohio, not far from the river of that name, a poor widow with two children, William, or

Willy, as he was usually called, and Nell, his sister. The widow desired that the two children should have learning, and sent them to a school about a mile off.

2. Now this school, at that early period, was only kept during the winter, and the children had many a cold walk to get to it. They did not mind this; they were anxious to learn, and it was the will of their parent, and they went cheerfully.

3. It happened one morning in February, that Willy and his sister went to school as usual. The morning was clear and mild, but towards evening the sky was covered with dark clouds, the wind began to blow, and a drifting snow began to fall in large white flakes, and in such quantities that a person could scarcely see more than a few yards in any direction.

4. When school was out, the children all hastened towards their homes. Little Willy, taking his sister by the hand, ran along as fast as he could towards his mother's house. But the snow blew in their faces and prevented them from making much headway.

5. The road lay through a wood; and, passing through this, they lost their way, and night

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came on before they were able to find their way to the road again. Poor little Nell cried with fright and cold. Willy, however, kept up his courage, and tried to cheer his sister by telling her not to cry, and to hold on firmly to his hand, and he would lead her safely out of the woods. But the snow and wind increased, and all the efforts of the poor little children to find their way home were in vain.

† 6. At last Nell fell down, and was unable to go any farther. Willy took her in his arms and tried to carry her. But he had not gone far, when he too fell, overcome with the fatigue of walking and carrying his sister.

† 7. At this time they were quite near the edge of the wood, and not far from a large tree. Willy, after resting a little, took up his sister again and carried her to the tree, and sat down with her, sheltering her the best he could from the drifting snow.

8. The poor widow, when the children did not return at dark, became almost distracted. She ran to several of her neighbors, telling them that Willy and his sister were lost, as she expected, in the woods, and asked them to go out with her and try to find them.

9. These kind-hearted people went with her, and after several hours' hunting they found Willy and his sister at the foot of the large tree, almost frozen to death. They picked them up in their arms and carried them to the widow's house, where, with the aid of a large fire and some warm drink, they were soon restored.

LESSON XXXI.

brought	bright	take	jew-el
shrine	bloom	heart	pret-ty
breath	throne	might	vir-gin
thought	song	pray	kneeling
watch	gift	white	sim-ple
smile	long	word	dew-drop
sweet	spot	down	be-hold

LITTLE ELLEN'S MAY SONG.

1. FROM thy bright throne above the sky,
Look down on us, O mother sweet!
And smile upon the gift which I
Here offer, kneeling at thy feet.
2. Mother of God, and mother mine!
I've brought some simple flowers to-day,

That they may bloom upon thy shrine,
The long, long hours that I'm away.

3. Behold how fresh and fair they are!
I cull'd them for thee, mother dear;
Look down, O brightest morning star!
See on their leaves the dew drops clear.



4. If I had gold or jewels rare,
I'd place them at thy feet;
But these are pretty flowers and fair—
Oh, take them, virgin sweet!

LESSON XXXII.

in-sists	rough-ly	in-ter-est-ed
will-ing	ad-vis-ed	rep-u-ta-tion
ad-vice	o-blig-ed	ev-a-nes-cent
fin-gers	con-clud-ed	nat-u-ral-ly

THE SELF-WILLED BOY.

CHARLES is a boy who always insists upon having his own way. It certainly must be that he thinks he knows more than anybody in the whole world, for he is never willing to take advice, not even from his father and mother, who, of course, know much better than he does, what is best for him.

2. He caught a violent cold the other day, and was confined to the house a week, because he would not wear his cloak to school, as his mother advised him to do; and it was but the other evening that he burned his fingers very badly, when roasting chestnuts, simply because he would not take his mother's advice, and take them out with the tongs. He has had both trouble and disgrace many a time on account of this obstinate temper, but he does not seem to improve.

3. He had kept at the head of his Latin class almost a month—and in two days more, would have obtained the medal, for which he was so anxious; but one day, thinking that the lesson looked very easy, he concluded not to take his Latin Grammar, for he had a great many books to carry, and he thought he should be able to learn his lesson without it.

4. His elder brother, who knew much more about Latin than he did, and was in a higher class, observing that when he put his books into his satchel, he did not take his grammar, said to him:

"Are you not going to take home your grammar, Charles?"

5. "No indeed," said Charles; "I think I can learn that little easy lesson without a grammar."

"I don't believe you can," said John; "I know I could not, when I went over it—and I don't think you can. Take my advice, and carry home your grammar, or you will be sorry for it."

"No, I shall not," replied Charles, as he threw his satchel over his shoulder; "and I am not going to trouble myself about that."

6. So Charles went home without his grammar; but when he began to study his lesson in the evening, he found that he could not learn at all without it. He would have asked his brother John to help him, but he felt ashamed. However, he finally concluded that he would rather ask assistance from him than lose his place in the class; but when he went to look for John, he found that he had gone out. Charles was then obliged to learn as much of the lesson as he could without the grammar, and leave the rest—for John did not come home until after Charles had gone to bed.

7. The next morning he had no time to look at his lesson; and after he had taken his place in the class, he found he could hardly answer a single question—and he lost his place in the class at the very first question that was asked him. He felt sorry indeed then that he had not taken John's advice; but his sorrow was not of the right kind, for it did not lead him to do better.

8. The grief and shame arising from the loss of his enviable reputation, Charles soon got over. He began to study Natural History, and was very much interested in it. One day he

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saw a robin's nest in an apple-tree, in the garden. He was much pleased at the discovery, for he had been very anxious to watch some birds feeding their young, and teaching them to fly.

9. He ran and told his father, and asked him if he might put the nest in a cage, and hang it on the bough of a tree—hoping that the old birds would go in there, and feed their young. His father told him that he might, and was so kind as to go out into the garden and help him to fix the cage. He then went away, and advised Charles to go away too, lest he should frighten the birds from going into the cage.

10. But Charles thought he knew better than his father, and might stay a little while without danger of frightening the birds. So he persuaded Robert to hold the ladder for him; "just for two or three minutes." Pretty soon the old bird began to fly about the tree, and was just about to enter the cage, when Charles, in his delight, started forward, and forgot to hold on by the rounds of the ladder. He very narrowly escaped falling, by catching hold of the bough upon which the cage was stationed.

11. But he shook the bough so roughly that the string by which the cage hung, broke, and it was dashed to the ground. The little birds were killed, and Charles was very sorry that he had not taken his father's advice.

12. He formed a resolution never again to be so self-willed. Year after year he faithfully followed the rule laid down of his own accord, and when on his death-bed, he said, "*Never wish to have your own way.*"

LESSON XXXIII.

lov-ing	de-scends	a-part	in-fan-cy
soft-ly	heav-en	fer-vor	flow-er-et
bloom-ing	show-ers	bos-om	be-gin-ning
flow-ers	bath-ed	fa-vor-ed	un-fa-ding

"HE COMES TO REST WITHIN MY HEART."

1. **H**E comes to rest within my heart,
 As meek as infancy;
 Oh, what shall ever tear apart
 This loving Guest from me!

2. As on the softly-blooming flowers
 The dews descend at even,

So grace upon my heart in showers
Descends from holy Heaven.

3. And as the flow'ret, bathed in dew,
Breathes odors from its breast,
So shall my favored bosom, too,
Breathe fervor to my Guest.



4. He comes to rest within my heart,
As meek as infancy:
Oh, what shall ever tear apart
This loving Guest from me!

LESSON XXXIV.

de-light-ed

ex-ceed-ing

per-ceiv-ed

cru-el-ly

ro-guish-ly

beau-ti-ful

o-pen-ing

pret-ti-ly

po-ta-toes

scat-ter-ed

ac-quaint-ed

will-ing-ly

THE REDBREAST.

LITTLE Martin was delighted beyond measure with the birds in the wood and their sweet songs. "Grandfather," said he, "may we not catch one and take it home to the house?"

2. "Nay," answered his grandfather, "that must not be."

"Why not?" said the child. "They sing delightfully. In the house we might always hear them sing."

3. "You can hear them singing here in the wood," said his grandfather; "it sounds far better here. The poor birds that men catch so cruelly, seldom live long, and often perish by their neglect."

4. One fine harvest day, however, in autumn, the grandfather and his grandson were seated in a sunny opening of the wood, at their humble

dinner, which the boy had as usual brought with him in a basket.

5. A robin redbreast came and picked up the crumbs scattered about. The little fellow



was delighted with it. "What a very pretty bird!" exclaimed he to his grandfather, speaking low, however, in order not to disturb it. "There is nothing I would not give to have such a bird in our room during the winter."

6. "And so you may," answered his grandfather; "the robin is a very tame bird, and willingly dwells with man. Perhaps it would rather pass the winter under a roof, than in the open air." His grandfather then taught the boy how to catch one.

7. Little Martin ran every day, for a whole week, to the wood, to see if there was not a robin caught. But he always came home empty-handed, and had almost given up all hopes of getting one. At last, one day he came running home full of joy.

8. "Grandfather," he cried, "see, I have one at last! Oh, look at his beautiful, little, bright, black eyes, and what a lovely yellow-red his breast is! I am not sorry now for all my care and trouble." He let the bird fly in the room, and his delight was yet greater when he perceived that it was not afraid, but snapped up the flies about the room, ate the grated, yellow turnips mixed with flour, out of the little, green earthenware trough, and washed himself in the water-bowl.

9. Martin brought a fresh, green, little pine from the wood, and fixed it in the corner of the room. The bird immediately flew to it.

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"Aha!" exclaimed Martin, "he knows his place. How lively he hops from branch to branch! How roguishly he looks out from between the branches, and how prettily his red breast contrasts with their dark green!"

10. The robin soon became quite well acquainted with him, would pick the flies off his fingers, sit on the edge of his plate, and eat with him; and soon came to relish potatoes exceedingly. He often went out of the open window into the garden, and hopped about the hedge, singing, but always came back of his own accord.

11. The bird was the source of a thousand pleasures to Martin; and when he first began to sing, Martin held his breath, and listened with such delight to the low, lively twitter, that no prince ever heard a first-rate flute-player with more pleasure.

LESSON XXXV.

eight	school	late	stuff
thick	bright	rule	dunce
light	should	pray	short
plain	right	sick	learn



GOING TO SCHOOL.

MOTHER.

1. **W**ILLIE, it is half-past eight,
And I fear you will be late;
Don't forget your teacher's rule;
Take your hat, and run to school.

WILLIE.

2. Mother, I am tired to-day,
Let me stay at home, I pray;
The air is warm, and close, and thick,
And, really, I am almost sick.

MOTHER.

3. Your cheek is red, your eye is bright,
Your hand is cool, your step is light;

At breakfast-time you ate your fill—
How can it be that you are ill?

WILLIE.

4. True, mother, I'm not ill enough
To take my bed, or doctor's stuff;
But yet at home pray let me stay,—
I want to run about and play.

MOTHER.

5. Ah! that's the thing. Now, let me see,
Next June you nine years old will be;
And if you often stay at home,
What of your learning will become?

WILLIE.

6. But *just this once*—I shall not stay
At home another single day;
I do not think 'twill make a fool
To stay *just once* away from school.

MOTHER.

7. Stay once, and it is very plain
You'll wish to do the same again;
I've seen a little teasing dunce,
Whose cry was always, *Just this once!*

WILLIE.

8. A day's but a short time, you know—
I shall learn little, if I go;



Besides, I've had no time at all
To try my marbles and my ball.

MOTHER.

9. The bee gains little from a flower—
A stone a day will raise a tower;
Yet the hive is filled, the tower is done,
If steadily the work goes on.
10. Have you forgot that weary day
You stayed at home from school to play?
How often you went in and out,
And how you fretted all about?
11. Then think how gay you laugh and run,
When school is o'er, and work is done;
There's nothing fills the heart with joy
Like doing as we *should*, my boy!

WILLIE.

12. Yes, mother, you are right, 'tis plain;
I shall not ask to stay again;
I will not—no, not even for once—
Leave school for play, and be a dunce.

LESSON XXXVI.

ten-der-ly

as-sur-ed

hes-i-tate

of-fer-ed

in-tend-ed

jour-ney-ed

mur-mur-ing

fas-ten-ed

pa-tri-arch



ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

GOD, to try the faith of Abraham, ordered him to take his son Isaac, whom he tenderly loved, and offer him in sacrifice on a certain mountain which He should point out to him. The holy patriarch, though he had been assured that his son would become the father of a numerous race, did not hesitate a moment to obey the command of God.

2. Without delay, he made the preparations necessary for the sacrifice; and, rising early in the morning, he set out, accompanied by his son Isaac and two servants.

3. When they came to the foot of the mountain, on which the offering was to be made, Abraham told the servants to remain there, while he and his son should go up and adore God. He carried in his hand the fire and sword, while Isaac bore on his shoulders the wood destined to consume the victim.

4. As they journeyed together, Isaac asked his father where the victim was which they intended to offer. This question deeply touched the patriarch's heart; but he dissembled his feelings, and replied, saying: "God, my son, will provide a victim for Himself."

5. Having arrived at the top of the mountain, Abraham erected an altar, and taking Isaac, bound him to the pile. Then he took his sword, and was about to bury its point in the breast of his son, when an angel stayed his arm, at the same time calling him by name. Abraham looked round, and saw a ram fastened by the horns among the brambles, which he took and offered in sacrifice instead of his son.

6. From the ready obedience of Abraham, children should learn to obey Almighty God, who speaks to them through their parents and superiors, without murmuring or hesitation;

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and without stopping to inquire the reasons why they are required to do what they are desired. By doing this, obedience will become a pleasing duty, and endear them to all who know them.

LESSON XXXVII.

wood-ran-ger	veg-e-ta-bles	pos-si-ble
fowl-ing-piece	sump-tu-ous-ly	di-rec-tion
di-rect-ed	cau-li-flow-ers	po-si-tion
re-turn-ed	ne-ces-sa-ry	faith-ful-ly
for-es-ter	de-spair-ing	de-scrib-ed
rar-i-ty	earn-est-ly	pil-grim-age

THE CAKES.

YOUNG Fred, a gay, lively boy, about ten years old, was the son of the wood-ranger. His father received a letter one morning, which he was to carry to the castle that lay beyond very high mountains, and in the heart of a thick forest.

2. "It will be a hard journey," said the father, "especially as the hurt I got the other day in the foot, when we were hunting, is not yet healed. But since our good master orders it, I must obey."

3. But Fred offered to carry the letter. "Send me, dear father," he said. "The whole road, I know, goes through a forest, but I do not mind that. I know it well from this to our own bounds, and can easily find out the rest of it, and safely give the letter into the hands of Herr von Rauhenstein."



4. "Very well," said the father; "give the letter into his own hands—you know him well. There is a large sum of money in the letter; perhaps you may get something for your trouble." He then described the road for Fred.

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5. The little fellow buckled on his hunting-pouch, and slinging his fowling-piece over his shoulder, started on his journey.

6. He arrived safe at the castle, and told the servants that he had been directed to deliver the letter into the master's own hand. A servant led him up the broad stone steps, into a splendid apartment, where von Rauhenstein was engaged with a party of officers at the card-table.

7. Fred made his best bow to the gentlemen, and delivered his letter, in which, it appeared, there were one hundred gold pieces. Herr von Rauhenstein went to his writing-desk, and wrote a few lines, acknowledging the receipt of the money. "All right," said he, sitting down in a hurry to the card-table. "You can retire now—no other answer is at present necessary—it will follow you."

8. With a heavy heart, poor Fred returned down the broad stone stairs; for he was hungry and thirsty, and quite tired. But as he was passing through the court, he was met by the cook, who was coming out of the garden, with a large knife in one hand and some cauliflowers in the other. She knew, by the poor boy's face, the state of his feelings.

9. "Come with me, little forester," said she, kindly, "and I will give you some bread and a drink of good beer. You might otherwise faint upon the road: you are far from home, and there is not a single house on the way. You must not take it ill of our master that he offered you nothing to eat: he does not think of such things; yet he finds no fault when we give to those who need it."

10. The cook led Fred into the kitchen, where the large fire was blazing on the hearth. "Lay aside your pouch and fowling-piece, and sit down here," said she, pointing to a little table in the corner of the kitchen. She then brought him plenty of soup and meat, vegetables and bread, and a small pot of beer.

11. Fred thought he had never been feasted so sumptuously. He was refreshed, and ready for his journey; but before he started, he said to the cook, one hundred times, at least, "God reward you!" and that, too, with as much reverence as if she had been the lady of the castle. He even kissed her hand, although she tried to prevent him.

12. Happy as a prince, Fred set out on his journey. But when he had been nearly half an

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hour on the road, he saw a squirrel in an open space in the forest. The little animal was quite a rarity to him, for he had scarcely ever seen one in the forest where he lived. Fred was very young, and, perhaps, the good beer had got into his head; but, at all events, he resolved to take the squirrel alive.

13. He flung a piece of a rotten bough at the little animal, and started in full chase, from oak to oak, into the depths of the black forest, where he lost sight of his game, and, what was much more serious, lost the road. He wandered about during the rest of the day, and half the succeeding night, through the thick forest, till, at last, sinking with hunger and fatigue, he crept beneath some low bushes, and fell into a troubled sleep.

14. He rose in the morning, more faint than he had been before he lay down. He looked around, and advanced he knew not whither. The place was utterly unknown to him. The wild deer, starting up and bounding off in terror when they saw him, convinced him that he must be in the heart of some unfrequented wood.

15. A herd of swine crossed his path, and among them a huge boar, which threatened

him with its sharp tusks, and made the poor boy scream in agony, and fly for his life. He continued to wander about until noonday, when, unable to move farther, he tottered and fell exhausted to the ground.

16. He cried and called as loud as he could, but there was no answer except the echo of his voice in the silent forest. He could nowhere find a berry or even a drop of water to quench his hunger and thirst. He cast himself, faint and despairing, at the foot of a pine-tree. He earnestly prayed to God not to let him famish in the forest.

17. Tormented by hunger, he searched in his pouch, to find, if possible, a few crumbs of the bread which he had brought with him from home, and eaten on the road to Rauhenstein. But what was his joy—his rapture, on finding a large piece of cake and some juicy pears. "Oh!" said he, "it was the cook put these here, without my knowledge."

18. The poor boy shed tears of gratitude, and resolved that he would be always charitable to the needy, especially if they were strangers; and also, that if ever he were rich enough, he certainly would not forget the kindness of

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the good cook. "Under God," said he, "it was she that saved my life. If she had not given me the cake and pears, I should have perished here in the wild forest."

19. Fred rose, refreshed and strengthened, and proceeded onward again with renewed courage. He walked on in the direction of his home, as well as he could judge by the position of the sun; and after having advanced for about three miles, he heard the cheering sounds of the woodman's axe in the distance.

20. Hurrying on in the direction of the sounds, he found two men cutting down a large pine-tree. They pointed out the road he must take, and he arrived safely, to the great joy of his parents, who had been dreadfully alarmed on his account.

21. His father reproved him severely, and gave him good advice. "Thus it is," said he, among other things, "when men allow themselves to be drawn away from the right road to follow their pleasures. You might have perished in that wild wood, far from your father's house, without the poor consolation even of catching that squirrel."

22. "Our way through life is like a road

through a wild forest, where many a pleasure, like that alluring little animal, seeks to entice us from the path of virtue. As I, dear Fred, faithfully described to you the right road through the forest, so God points out to us in his commandments the true path for our pilgrimage through this world. Let no earthly pleasure ever seduce you to the right or the left, from the way of virtue. One false step might ruin you forever, and prevent you from entering your true Father's house beyond the grave.

23. "The love of pleasure," he continued, "perverts the heart of man, and makes him insensible to noble and generous feelings. Herr von Raunenstein, with whom you are so much displeased, is far from being a bad man. But he was so much taken up with his play, that he never thought either of giving you some refreshment, though you stood so much in need of it, or some money, though the hundredth part of what he had staked that morning would have sent you home as happy as a prince.

24. "But guard yourself against that which displeases you so much in another; let your pleasure or your own will never engage you,

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so as to make you insensible to the wants and happiness of others. Imitate whatever you find good in others; be ever as kind and generous to all men as Rosalie, the cook, was to you in the castle of Rauhenstein."

LESSON XXXVIII.

qui-et	think-ing	a-part	oth-er
or-phan	liv-ed	spir-its	moth-er
lov-ed	want-ed	per-son	thir-ty
with-out	un-cle	lone-ly	call-ed
vir-gin	sel-dom	lov-ing	re-quest

ST. ANGELA'S VISION.

YOU have all heard about Italy. It is a lovely land. Rome is in Italy, and our Holy Father the Pope lives in Rome.

2. Well, in a town named Salo, in Italy, a great many years ago, there lived two little girls, who were orphans. Their parents had been very wealthy, but they were dead, and the little girls lived with their uncle.

3. These little orphans loved God very much, and they wanted to do His will in all things.

When we see a rose-bud, we know it will

blossom and be a rose. When we see a child loving God more than all else, we are very certain that God will favor that child with great graces.

4. These little girls wished to be alone with God. Once they went far away into a lonely place, that they might be free to pray, and to think of Jesus.



Their uncle found them at last, and took them home, but gave them a quiet place in his house; and there they lived pure and prayerful lives, like angels.

5. One of the little girls was named Angela. Is it not a lovely name? I think it must be a

very dull, or a very bad person, who can hear it, without thinking of God and Heaven.

6. These little girls loved each other more than most sisters do, because they loved God so much. They were seldom apart, and were so dear to each other that, to see them, one would think that if one of them were to die, it would break the heart of the other.

7. But God chose to let the little saint Angela be left without this sister, and so He called her to himself. She died before a priest could be called: so little Angela was very sad about the state of her sister's soul.

8. She asked God to give her light upon this; and her request was made with such simple faith, that it was granted.

9. She was passing once through a beautiful place, when she came to a road, called the Narrow One. Here she saw a bright cloud, and paused to look at it.

10. The road to Heaven is a narrow one, so it was well that she saw what she did in this place.

While she was looking at the cloud, she saw the virgin Mother of God with her sister, and they were bright with the light of Heaven.



11. There were with them a great many fair angels, with white wings and golden harps; and do you wonder that little Angela fell upon her knees, and thanked God with all her heart?

12. Her sister told her to be just as loving and true to God all through her life as she then was, to try and be better and better every day, and that then she would at last share in her glory.

13. The cloud vanished from her sight; but little Saint Angela was left with a joy in her soul, like the bliss of the holy spirits in the skies.

14. You should read her life, and learn from her to be good and pure. Her feast is the thirty-first of May.

Little Angela became the foundress of a great religious order in the Church, called the Ursulines, who are constantly engaged in instructing little children.

LESSON XXXIX.

hear	bet-ter	fra-grant	feath-er-y
land	sun-ny	orange	glit-ter-ing
band	per-fume	re-gion	glo-ri-ous
shore	star-ry	ra-di-ant	di-a-mond

THE BETTER LAND.

1. "I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
 Thou callest its children a happy band.
 Mother, oh, where is that radiant shore?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fireflies dance through the myrtle
 boughs?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

2. "Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
 Or 'mid the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange, bright birds, on their starry
 wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

3. "Is it far away, in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
 strand,—

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

4. "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;
 Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom.
 Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb:
 It is there, it is there, my child."

LESSON XL.

nice-ly	in-stead	branch-es	con-trive
mot-tled	dwel-lings	qui-et	won-der
bird-lings	crea-tures	of-ten	per-haps



THE BIRD'S NEST.

WHO has not seen a bird's nest, hidden away
 ever so nicely among the green branches
 in some quiet spot?

2. How pretty it looks, and how glad little boys are when they spy it out, with its mottled little eggs or its young family of birdlings. If the parent birds be near, they will carefully conceal their little ones, and boys cannot take them or the eggs; but when the old birds are away in search of food, then bad boys often rob the nest, without thinking, perhaps, of the grief it will cause them. /

3. Instead of robbing birds' nests, boys ought to examine them, and see how they are made. If they do, they will wonder how little creatures, like the birds can contrive such dwellings for their young, and make them without aid from man.

4. Then you will think how is it that birds can do such things, and you will remember that it is our good God who gives the bird skill to build its nest. You will see in it another proof of the wonderful care which God has over all his creatures.

LESSON XLI.

ut-ter	fall-ing	con-trite	e-ter-nal
hid-den	thy-self	sim-plest	fel-low-ship
mo-tion	sin-ners	maj-es-ty	in-ter-cede

PRAYER.

1. **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death :
He enters heaven by prayer.
5. Prayer is the sinner's contrite voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And say : " Behold, he prays ! "

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LESSON XLII.

church	faint	be-long	parch-ed
cares	shade	shep-herd	stand-ard
fold	tree	bless-ed	plant-ed
tends	quite	wea-ry	shad-ed



THE FOLD AND THE SHEPHERD.

YOU have all heard of the fold of Christ, my dear children. Well, that fold means the Church, to which you and all of us belong,—the Church founded by Christ himself, when he lived on earth, to keep His people from wandering about the world, like sheep that had no shepherd. That is His fold, and in it He gathers all His people together, tends, and cares for them, as a good shepherd does his sheep.

2. In the picture you see our blessed Lord giving drink from His chalice to one of His poor sheep. I am sure it has been straying away from the fold; for it looks faint and weary, as though it had travelled far without any thing to eat or drink.

3. How kindly our Lord raises its poor head, and puts the cup to its parched lips! So He does with the poor sinner who returns to Him.

4. You see the cross in the shade of that spreading tree. That is our Lord's standard, planted by himself within His Church. See how the sheep lie in the cool shade of the tree, around the foot of the cross. They seem quite happy. So will you, too, dear little boys and girls, so long as you keep near the cross which is shaded by the Tree of Life.

LESSON XLIII.

gen-tle	hap-py	an-gel	ex-pand
wip-ed	kiss-ed	watch-ed	spar-kle
in-fant	burn-ing	be-gan	ho-ly
moth-er	mem-o-ry	morn-ing	pleas-ed
won-der	hap-py	heav-en	al-ways
a-lone	lit-tle	im-age	chid-ing



THE ORPHAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF A MOTHER.

1. I HAVE no mother! for she died
 When I was very young;
 But still her memory round my heart,
 Like morning mists, has clung.
2. They tell me of an angel form,
 That watched me while I slept,
 And of a soft and gentle hand
 That wiped the tears I wept:
3. And that same hand that held my own
 When I began to walk;
 The joy that sparkled in her eyes
 When first I tried to talk.

4. They say the mother's heart is pleased
When infant charms expand;
I wonder if she thinks of me—
In that bright, happy land.
5. I know she is in heaven now,
That holy place of rest;
For she was always good to me—
The good alone are blest.
6. I remember, too, when I was ill,
She kissed my burning brow;
The tear that fell upon my cheek—
I think I feel it now.
7. And I have got some little books,
She taught me how to spell;
The chiding or the kiss she gave
I still remember well.
8. And then she used to kneel with me,
And teach me how to pray,
And raise my little hands to Heaven,
And tell me what to say.
9. O mother, mother! in my heart
Thy image still shall be,
And I will hope in heaven, at last,
That I may meet with thee.

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LESSON XLIV.

dead-ly	con-sult	gov-ern-ed	at-tend-ants
bish-op	dis-tance	Prot-est-ant	thou-sands
coun-try	mild-ness	re-deem-ed	ad-dress-ed
ru-lers	re-tire	as-sas-sins	a-mend-ment
Cath-o-lic	at-tempt	ac-com-plish	prob-a-ble



ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

THIS holy man was bishop of Geneva, in Switzerland. In his day, the Catholics were but few in that country, and the rulers, like most of the people whom they governed, were Protestant, and much opposed to the spread of

the Catholic faith. But St. Francis cared little for the opposition of men, so long as he did the will of God, and saved the souls redeemed by the blood of Christ. So he undertook to convert the people from their error; and by his preaching, and still more by his good example, many thousands were brought into the Church.

2. Now this gave great offence to the nobles and great men of the nation, and they said among themselves, that if St. Francis were allowed to go on in that way, the people would all become Catholics very soon. So they began to consult about the best means of getting rid of the great Catholic bishop; and they determined to employ two wicked men, called assassins—that is, my dear children, men who will kill any one for money—to meet St. Francis on one of his journeys, and put him to death.

3. In the picture you see the two ruffians advancing, with naked swords, to meet the holy man as he passed through a dark and lonely wood. But God would not permit them to accomplish their wicked purpose. When St. Francis saw them, he ordered his attendants to retire some distance; and then going for-

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ward alone, he addressed the assassins with that mildness for which he was remarkable.

4. "You must take me for some one else, my good friends," said he; "for I am sure you would not attempt to kill a person who never injured you."

The ruffians were so astonished by the prelate's mild yet fearless demeanor, and the ineffable sweetness of his countenance, that they forgot their deadly purpose and the gold which was to be the reward of their crime; and, falling at the saint's feet, they confessed their evil design, and with tears besought his pardon. St. Francis was but too happy to forgive them, and, after a short exhortation to future amendment, dismissed them with his blessing; and summoning his attendants, went on his way rejoicing in the probable conversion of two wicked men.

LESSON XLV.

mes-sen-ger
de-scend-ing
ex-pect-ed
rap-tur-ous
an-noun-ces

ap-pear-ed
a-dorn-ed
mys-te-ry
il-lu-mine
slum-ber-ing

cav-erns
mor-tals
her-ald
sur-prise
si-lence

THE MESSENGER ANGEL.

1. **T**HE Messenger Angel, descending at night,
Chased silence and shadow, with music and light;
The shepherds that watched upon Bethlehem's plain,
Heard the Messenger Angel, and this was his strain:
"Peace," he said, "unto mortals and glory to Heaven,—
The Expected of old to mankind has been given;
Rejoice at the splendors that herald His birth,
For your Saviour to-day has appeared upon earth.
2. "Lo! the fields are adorned with the verdure of May,
And the chill breast of winter with roses is gay;
The winds that made war o'er the face of the deep,
Have sought their dark caverns, and lain down to sleep.

'Mid the feast of all nature, rise, mortals, arise !
And the mystery view with a holy surprise ;
Rejoice at the glory that heralds His birth,
For your Saviour to-day has appeared upon
earth.

3. " See, the wise men of nations advance from
afar,
O'er the pathway illumined by Jacob's
bright star ;
To Bethlehem's grotto their treasures they
bring,
And adore at the shrine of the heavenly
King.
The Gentiles in darkness are slumbering no
more,
But worship the God whom they knew not
before,
And follow the light which announces His
birth,
For their Saviour to-day has appeared upon
earth."

4. Yet chanted the seraph, when rapturous
strains,
From a thousand bright angels, awakened
the plains ;

Ethereal splendor encircled the throng
That caught up his theme and re-echoed his
song ;

The same burden was swelled by each heav-
enly voice :

"The Expected is come : happy mortals,
rejoice !

Rejoice at the glories that herald His birth,
For your Saviour to-day has appeared upon
earth."

LESSON XLVI.

griev-ed	sil-ver	preach	charge
be-yond	ref-uge	world	brought
as-sist	par-ents	priest	means
pit-y	help-less	built	part

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

DID any of my little readers ever hear of St. Vincent de Paul? If they did not, then I will tell them something about him. He lived in France, a great and beautiful country far away beyond the Atlantic Ocean. When St. Vincent lived, some two hundred years ago, there were many wicked people in the world,

as there are now, and it grieved the good saint very much; for he loved God beyond all else, and he could not bear to see Him outraged by sin.



2. Well, where there is much sin there is sure to be much misery, and sickness, and sorrow; and so it was in the days when St. Vincent was among men. Knowing that God had made all men, and died for all, the bad as well as the good, St. Vincent loved them for God's sake—as all good Christians ought to do—and he

thought he would try some means to relieve the wretchedness which he saw around him.

3. St. Vincent was not rich; but he was a priest, and could preach to the rich as well as the poor. So he began to preach about the sufferings of the poor, and the numberless souls that were going to perdition for want of care and attention on the part of those who could assist them. And the great and the noble and the rich who heard him were moved with pity, and they began to bring gold and silver to St. Vincent for the relief of the poor and the protection of the innocent among them.

4. And the saint was rejoiced beyond measure that God had given him the means of doing so much good; and immediately he went to work and built hospitals and many other places of refuge for the poor and the miserable, where they were sheltered and taken care of. Among other things that St. Vincent did, he established a hospital for poor little children who had no parents. And he went about the city, night and day, picking up these helpless little creatures, whom he brought to his hospital, and gave them in charge to kind ladies, who staid there to take care of them.

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5. Thus you see in the picture St. Vincent going to his hospital, with one of these poor little infants in his arms. I suppose its parents had gone away and left it to die of hunger, for there were parents then bad enough to do that, and so there are still. Well for those little ones whom St. Vincent found; for they were well fed and ~~and~~ in his great hospital, until they were able to take care of themselves and earn their living,—and what was still better than that, they were taught to know and love God, and to serve Him better than their parents had done.

6. But St. Vincent de Paul did more even than that, for the suffering members of Christ's body, which is the Church of God. I am sure all my young readers have heard of the Sisters of Charity. Well, before St. Vincent's time, there were no Sisters of Charity. It was he that established that holy order of nuns for the service of the poor, and on that account he is called their father; and those sweet, kind, charitable sisters are called the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul.

7. Now, let my dear young friends who read this story, think of it well, and they will see

how much good can be done by one person, even if he be poor and humble, provided he loves God and has compassion on God's suffering creatures. What man was ever greater than St. Vincent de Paul—the friend of the poor, the father of orphans, the faithful servant of God?

LESSON XLVII.

ho-ly	whis-per	slum-ber	some-thing
an-gel	kind-ly	flow-er	man-y
nev-er	naugh-ty	keep-ing	look-ing

THE ANGELS.

MARY.

1. **S**ISTER Emma, can you tell
Where the holy angels dwell?
Is it very, very high,
Up above the moon and sky?

EMMA.

Holy angels, sister dear,
Dwell with little children here,
Every night and every day;
With the good they *always* stay.

MARY.

3. Yet I never see them come,
Never know when they go home,
Never hear them speak to me—
Sister dear, how *can* it be?



EMMA.

4. Mary, did you never hear
Something whisper in your ear,
"Don't be naughty—never cry—
God is looking from the sky!"

MARY.

5. Yes, indeed! and it must be
That's the way they talk to me;
Those are just the words they say,
Many times in every day.

EMMA.

6. And they kindly watch us, too,
When the flowers are wet with dew;
When we are tired and go to sleep,
Angels then our slumbers keep.
7. Every night and every day,
When we work and when we play,
God's good angels watch us still,
Keeping us from every ill.
8. When we're good, they are glad;
When we're naughty, they are sad;
Should we *very* wicked grow,
Then away from us they go.

MARY.

9. Oh! I would not have them go,
I do love the angels so;
I will never naughty be,
So they'll always stay with me.

LESSON XLVIII.

de-cay-ing	hun-dred	ex-plain	cloth-ed
gath-er-ed	mas-ter	false-ly	wick-ed
bur-i-ed	charg-ed	pass-ed	mer-chants
broth-ers	press-ed	feign-ed	pris-on



JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

AND the days of Abraham's life were a hundred and seventy-five years. And decaying, he died in a good old age; and having lived a long time and being full of days, he was gathered to his people. And Isaac and Ismael, his sons, buried him with Sara his wife, in the double cave which is over against Mambré, and which he bought of the children of Heth.

2. And after his death, God blessed Isaac his son, who dwelt by the well of the "Living and the Seeing."

Isaac was threescore years old when his twin

sons, Esau and Jacob, were born. Esau grew up, and became a skilful hunter; but Jacob was a plain man, and dwelt in tents.

3. Of the twelve sons of Jacob, Joseph was dearer to him than any of the rest. His brothers were grieved at it, and they hated him. One day their father sent him to them when they were with their flocks in the field.

4. When he came to them, they said, "Let us kill him." But one of them, by name Reuben, said, "Do not take his life from him, nor shed his blood, but cast him into this pit." They then stripped him of his coat, and cast him into the pit, or well that was dry.

5. And when some merchants passed by that way, his brothers drew him out of the well, and they sold him to them. They brought him into Egypt, and there they sold him to a prince, to be his slave.

6. Joseph was a man that in all things did so well, that his master made him dwell in the house, and he was in great favor with him; so far, that he was charged with the care of all things, and he ruled in the house.

7. When he had been there a while, his master's wife wished and pressed him to do a great

crime; but Joseph was good, and feared God, and he would by no means consent to do it. "How can I commit a wicked thing," said he, "and sin against my God? No." He then rushed from her.

8. She then charged him falsely with the crime, and he was cast into prison. When he had been there two years, the king sent for him to explain him his dreams. Joseph explained them.

9. Then the king took his ring from his own hand, and gave it into the hand of Joseph. He clothed him with a silk robe, and put a chain of gold about his neck. He made all bow the knee to him, and told them he was to rule the whole land of Egypt.

10. Not long after, there was a dearth, or a great want of corn. And Joseph had the care of all the corn. Jacob, the father of Joseph, then sent his brothers to buy corn of him.

11. At first they did not know Joseph; and though he knew them, yet he feigned as if he did not know them, and he dealt with them as if they were spies. This he did to bring them, by degrees, to a sense of their fault, when, through envy, they sold him; yet did Joseph love them.

12. He soon made himself known to them. He wept through joy, kissed them, and forgave them. He then sent for his old father, who came to him. Joseph took care of him and his brothers. They lived in those parts, and when Jacob was dead, Joseph buried him in the place where he had desired to be buried.

LESSON XLIX.

green	means	moss-y	sor-row
choose	sake	Chris-tian	an-ger
world	choice	Ed-die	pa-tience
fade	which	fel-low	wood-en

THE CROSS AND THE FLOWER.

WHAT is little Eddie thinking of, as he sits on that green, mossy bank, with the cross in one hand and a pretty flower in the other?

2. I suppose you do not know, so I will tell you. Eddie is thinking of what his dear mother told him the other day. She said every Christian had to choose between the fleeting pleasures of this world, which fade and die away like the flowers of the field, and the cross of our Lord, which means patience in suffering

and denying one's self what they like, for Christ's dear sake.

3. So little Eddie has pulled a flower; and he is looking at it, and at the wooden cross in his other hand, and he is thinking—thinking of the choice which his mother said he must make.



4. I wonder which he will choose. Dear little fellow! he is young to make such a choice, but not too young. Even little boys like Eddie, and little girls too, can take the cross and bear

it after Christ. That means that they can bear pain and sorrow with patience, and never give way to anger. That is the way to bear the cross, and I think little Eddie looks as if he would wish to do it.

LESSON L.

in-no-cence
spe-cial
ten-der-ness
o-bli-ging

ex-am-ple
at-ten-tion
fa-vor-ite
in-ter-course

in-creas-ed
de-vo-tion
pre-par-ing
re-dou-bled

ST. ALOYSIUS.

NO life can be more interesting than that of the amiable Saint Aloysius. His youth, his innocence, and purity of heart commend him in a special manner to the young. He is at once their model and their patron.

2. This illustrious Saint was born in the castle of Castiglione, in Italy, on the 9th day of March, 1568. The first words he was taught by his pious mother, so soon as he was able to speak, were the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and the first action, that of making the sign of the cross.

3. Aloysius, even in his infancy, showed a great tenderness for the poor; and so great was his devotion, that he would frequently hide himself in some corner, and after a long search he would be found at his prayers.



4. What an example is this for the young, and what a reproach his conduct is to those children who never think of prayer; who think nothing of morning and evening prayers, or say them without attention, as if it were some hurried task they had to perform, instead of a pleasing duty to God.

5. His father being general of the army in

Lombardy, had intended to bring up Aloysius to the profession of arms; and, in order to give him an inclination to that state, gave him little guns and other warlike weapons. He used to take him with him to see the soldiers going through their exercises, and was much pleased to see him with a little pike in his hand, walking before the ranks.

† 6. The child was a great favorite with the officers; and from his frequent intercourse with them, he had learned some unbecoming words, the meaning of which he was not then old enough to know. His mother hearing him use them, chided him for it, and told him how offensive it was to God to swear or use unbecoming language.

† 7. From that moment Aloysius could never bear to be in the company of those who would profane the name of God, or use other improper language. The offence he had committed, though excusable on account of his age, was to him during his whole life a subject of deep and bitter regret.

8. With his age his fervor and piety increased. When he was only seven years old, he began to recite every day the office of Our Lady, the

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seven penitential psalms, and other prayers. About this time he was taken sick of an ague, from which he did not recover for nearly eighteen months. During his sickness, he edified every one that came near him by his piety, and the patience with which he bore it; and during the whole time he never omitted the daily prayers which he had imposed on himself.

9. When he was about eight years of age, he was sent, with his younger brother, to the Court of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, to study the Latin and Tuscan languages, and other branches suitable to his rank. Aloysius applied himself to his studies with the utmost assiduity, offering them to God, and placing them under the protection of the Blessed Virgin.

10. His progress in his studies was great, but his progress in virtue was still greater. His devotion to the amiable Mother of God was tender and sincere. He would turn to her on all occasions, as his queen and patroness; chant her praises, and invoke her aid. Never was he tired of speaking of her great prerogatives, and nothing pleased him more than to read those books which treated of her virtues.

11. But nothing could exceed the mildness

of his disposition, and the kindness and affability which he, at all times, manifested to his brother and companions. He was to them always obliging and condescending; even to the servants he never spoke by way of command.

12. Aloysius and his brother had remained about two years at Florence, when their father removed with them to Mantua. Here he continued not only to practise every virtue, but to disengage himself more and more from the ties of the world. He seldom went abroad, and spent much of his time in reading the lives of the Saints, and other books of piety and devotion. He sometimes passed whole days in prayer and meditation.

13. He frequently visited the schools of the Christian doctrine, encouraged other boys, especially the poor, to study their catechism, and often instructed them himself. He was then in his twelfth year, and was preparing to make his first communion. His devotion to the Holy Sacrament had always been great, but now it was redoubled. He heard mass as often as possible, and frequently, after the consecration, melted into tears.

14. It was his greatest delight to pass hours in contemplation before the altar. The mortifications to which he subjected himself were extraordinary, especially in one of his tender years. He fasted three days in the week, and on Fridays tasted nothing but bread and water; and on other days his meals were so slender that his life seemed almost a miracle.

15. He secretly placed a board in his bed to rest on in the night, and rose at midnight to pray, even in the winter. He spent an hour after rising, and two hours before going to bed, in prayer.

16. Though these extraordinary acts of penance and devotion are more than we can expect from our young readers, still they should try, even in their short prayers, to imitate the piety of the youthful Aloysius.

17. They can imitate that mildness of disposition for which he was always so remarkable; and that love and affection which he always showed to his parents, and that ready obedience to their demands, and to those of his superiors, which he always rendered with so much willingness. Blessed St. Aloysius! pray for the youth of America that they may imitate thy virtues!

LESSON LI.

cen-tre	throng	dwelt	hath	own
pleas-ure	faith-ful	bow	dim	found
pleas-ant	for-sook	tear	call	joys
hum-bly	throne	soul	glare	wilt
watch-ful	way-ward	grow	nigh	there



A NIGHT PRAYER.

- 1 GREAT God! I call upon thy name,
 And bow before thy throne,
 Amid the silent shades of night,
 Unwatched, unseen, alone!

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 crosse

How oft, amidst the glare of day,
When pleasure's throng was nigh,
I have forgotten that I moved
Beneath thy watchful eye!

2. Mine eyes have dwelt on vanities
Thy children should not see;
My feet forsook the pleasant paths
That lead to Heaven, to Thee.
I kneel and humbly own my sin,
With many a tear and prayer;
My soul hath dwelt 'mid earthly joys,
And found no pleasure there.

LESSON LII.

Cath-o-lic	con-fi-dence	pros-per-ous
beau-ti-ful	earn-est-ly	con-duct-ed
re-demp-tion	pro-tec-tion	be-lov-ed
wan-der-ed	ev-i-dence	in-di-cat-ed

THE CROSS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

AMONG the most beautiful customs which prevail in Catholic countries, none is more striking, or gives greater evidence of the strong faith of the inhabitants, than that of erecting crosses by the way-side.

2. Along the public roads and mountain passes the cross is planted, everywhere reminding man of the great event of his redemption.



3. When travellers pass by these crosses, they raise the hat, stand, or kneel before them, and offer up a short prayer that they may be shielded from danger in their journey, or that the business on which they are travelling may be prosperous.

4. Sometimes when persons have lost their way, the meeting with the cross inspires them with hope and confidence, because they know

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it indicates a road which will conduct them to some human habitation.

5. We are told that two little girls once lost their way in a thick wood, and wandered about for hours without knowing how to find their way out. At length they came to an open space, where they found a cross standing.

6. With joyful hearts they threw themselves upon their knees; and clasping their hands, they earnestly besought our dear Lord to direct their steps, that they might find their way home. Then, after placing themselves under the protection of their beloved Mother, the Blessed Virgin, they arose, and taking an old road which seemed to be indicated by the cross, they soon arrived at the house of a friend, who conducted them to the home of their parents.

LESSON LIII.

bat-tle
crea-ture
child-like
lon-ger
thir-teen
reach-ed

beau-ti-ful
he-ro-ic
un-con-scious
per-ish-ed
ex-plo-sion
ad-mi-ral

faith-ful
frag-ment
stream-ed
wreath-ing
pen-non
chief-tain

✓ CASABIANCA.

Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

1. **T**HE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.
2. Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike, form.
3. The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
4. He called aloud—"Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.
5. "Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"

And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

6. Upon his brow he felt their breath.
And in his waving hair,
And looked, from that lone post, to death,
In still, yet brave despair;

7. And shouted but once more aloud—
“My father! *must* I stay?”
While o’er him fast, through sail and
shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

8. They wrapp’d the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

9. There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea;—

10. With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart.

LESSON LIV.

whom	break	harp	start	voice
teach	lent	host	came	lives
lisp	death	join	thought	found
blue	reigns	slept	once	while



PHILIP'S DEATH.

LITTLE Edith had a baby brother, named Philip, whom she loved very dearly; and it was her greatest pleasure to play with him, and teach him to walk and to lisp the holy names of JESUS and MARY. He was a gentle, playful child, with soft blue eyes and golden hair; and Edith thought there never was such

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another baby brother, so pretty, so loving, and so winning in all his little ways.

2. But, alas! the time came when Philip could play no more, but lay sick and moaning on his mother's knee or in his tiny crib. And people told Edith that she was going to lose her darling brother; and she saw her mother looking very sorrowful; and then she stole away into a dark, lonely corner, and cried as if her little heart would break.

3. And crying thus, she fell asleep; and all at once she heard a voice like sweet music, saying: "Edith, why do you weep? I am Philip's angel, and I wish to comfort you. It was God who gave you that little brother; He did but lend him to you and your dear parents: now He is going to take him home; and when the moment of his death is come, his good Father will send me and a company of many more angels to carry him up to heaven, where, harp in hand, he will sing with us the praises of Him who lives and reigns forever.

4. "Weep no more, then, Edith, but rejoice as we do when the spotless lambs whom our Lord loves are gathered to His bosom. Joy, Edith, joy!—joy, Edith, joy!"

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5. Louder rose the angelic chorus, and it seemed to the little girl that the house was full of heavenly spirits. She awoke with a start, and found that her little brother Philip had died while she slept. He had gone to join the chorus above.

LESSON LV.

bee	wax	ac-count	gath-er
doth	neat	harm-less	im-prove
how	hard	mis-chief	hon-ey



THE BUSY BEE.

1. **H**ow doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day
 From every opening flower.

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gar-ret
sto-ries

L.

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2. How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.
3. In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
4. In books, or work, or harmless play,
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give, for every day,
Some good account at last.

LESSON LVI.

nar-row	arm-ful	pov-er-ty	bor-row-ed
gar-ret	sea-son	hov-er-ed	ea-si-ly
sto-ries	writ-ten	con-tent-ed	glit-ter-ing

LETTER TO THE INFANT JESUS.

IN a narrow street of a great city far over the sea, there lived a poor author. He had a wife and four little boys, one of them a very little baby in the cradle. They had but one room, and that, not very large, was in a garret four stories from the ground.

2. It was in the cold winter time, and they were without wood, and almost without bread; for the men who owed the father, had not yet paid him the money for his last story. Though these people were so very poor, they tried hard to be cheerful; for Christmas was just at hand, and they thought of the manger where the infant Saviour lay, and they would not murmur at their poverty.



3. They knew that the highest angels came down from heaven, and hovered over a spot more cold and cheerless than their home could be. They knew that the birth of the infant Jesus had made honest poverty sacred, and so

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they strove to keep themselves contented and happy.

4. The poor author had borrowed an armful of wood, and was just trying to hush the noise of the children, so that he could write, when the eldest boy cried out: "O father! when shall we write our letter to the child Jesus?"

"Well said, my boy," returned the father, with a smile; "your question is just in season. But what are you going to say in the letter?"

"Why, to be sure, we mean to ask some pretty gifts for Christmas eve."

"But, Paul, your little brothers cannot write."

"Oh, no matter for that, father; I will write the letter for them, and I will put each one's name at the bottom."

5. There was still another difficulty. How was the letter to be sent? "Oh! that is easily managed," said Paul. "You have often told me, father, that the Holy Child will fly this very evening, on his glittering wings of green and gold, over the roofs of the houses, so as to hear how the children speak to each other and to their parents. Well, when we have our letter written, we can throw it out of the trap-door in the roof, and then the infant Jesus

will be sure to find it." This was agreed to by all.

6. So the letter was written, containing a list of all the pretty things which each of the children had a mind to ask; and when it was finished, Paul signed it for himself and his brothers, then sealed it, and threw it out on the roof, and the wind soon carried it out of sight.

7. Hour after hour passed away, and there was no answer to the important letter. The fire was dying out, the poor supper had been eaten, and the children sat shivering together, watching and waiting, and beginning to feel quite disappointed. They did not like to say so, but they all feared that the Holy Infant had forgotten them.

8. All at once they heard a rustling as of silk, and a soft voice said, "Good evening!" There was a motion about the table—something like the gleam of evening stars was visible. All looked up in surprise, and there on the table was a pretty Christmas-tree, in the midst of a beautiful moss garden; many wax-lights burned on the tree, and behind it stood the figure of an unknown lady, with bright and smiling eyes. She had just lit the tapers.

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9. "Hurrah!" screamed the boys, while their parents looked on in silent amazement. Down on the table fell with a rattle three little swords, as many guns, and a like number of pretty books, bound in green and gold; while on the floor stood three little wooden horses, with the prettiest saddles and bridles ever seen. There was also a nice little ring of bells for the baby. But the best of all was a hundred-dollar bill, which hung on the Christmas-tree.

10. Now you may imagine, children, the joy which filled the hearts of those poor people, and how thankful they were to the giver of those good things. You understand, I am sure, how the matter was. That beautiful lady, who was very rich, had happened to find the children's letter, and so she thought she would do for them what she knew would be pleasing to the Holy Child of Bethlehem.

LESSON LVII.

in-clud-ed	in-struct-ors	re-main-der
sen-ti-ment	re-ceiv-ing	cor-re-pond-ence
dil-i-gent-ly	ex-act-ness	in-con-sid-er-ate
jus-ti-fy-ing	Au-re-li-us	rep-ri-mands

RESPECT AND AFFECTION DUE FROM
PUPILS TO THEIR TEACHERS.

AN ancient author says that he has included almost all the duty of scholars in this one piece of advice which he gives them:—to love those who instruct them, as they love the sciences which they study; and to look upon them as fathers, from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. This sentiment of affection and respect disposes them to apply diligently during the time of their studies; and preserves in their minds, during the remainder of life, a tender gratitude towards their instructors. It seems to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.

2. Docility, which consists in readily receiving instructions, and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. As it is not sufficient for a laborer to sow the seed, unless the earth, after having opened its bosom to receive it, warms and moistens it; so the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between masters and scholars.

3. Gratitude towards those who have faithfully labored in our education, is an essential virtue, and the mark of a good heart. "Of those who have been carefully instructed, who is there," says Cicero, "that is not delighted with the sight, and even the remembrance of his preceptors, and the very place where he was educated?"

4. Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honor and probity. Their exactness and severity sometimes displease, at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe them; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgment, we discern that admonitions, reprimands, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, far from justifying dislike, demand our esteem and love.

5. Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked Heaven for two things especially;—for having had excellent tutors himself, and for having found the like blessing for his children.

LESSON LVIII.

since	sum	re-move	com-forts
watch	grace	dark-ness	mak-er
strength	sins	par-don	morn-ing
waste	known	bod-y	cheer-ful



AN EVENING HYMN.

1. **A**ND now another day is gone,
 I'll sing my Maker's praise;
 My comforts every hour make known
 His providence and grace.
2. But how my childhood runs to waste!
 My sins, how great their sum!
 Lord! give me pardon for the past,
 And strength for days to come.

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3. I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.
4. With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since God will not remove;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in His love.

LESSON LIX.

dis-tin-guish-ed	su-per-flu-i-ties	lib-er-al-ly
com-pas-sion	so-li-ci-ta-tion	im-prove-ment
en-cour-a-ges	os-ten-ta-tion	em-bar-rass-ed
be-nev-o-lence	in-ge-nu-i-ty	con-tent-ment

VIRTUE AND HAPPINESS EQUALLY ATTAIN-
ABLE BY THE RICH AND THE POOR.

THE man to whom God has given riches, and blessed with a mind to employ them right, is peculiarly favored and highly distinguished. He looks on his wealth with pleasure, because it affords him the means to do good. He protects the poor that are injured; he suffers not the mighty to oppress the weak. He seeks out objects of compassion; he inquires into their

wants; he relieves them with judgment, and without ostentation.

2. He assists and rewards merit; he encourages ingenuity, and liberally promotes every useful design. He carries on great works, his country is enriched, and the laborer is employed; he forms new schemes, and the arts receive improvement. He considers the superfluities of his table as belonging to the poor of his neighborhood; and he defrauds them not. The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune; he rejoices, therefore, in riches, and his joy is blameless.

3. The virtuous poor man also may rejoice; for he has many reasons. He sits down to his morsel in peace; his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers. He is not embarrassed with a train of dependants, nor teased with the clamors of solicitation. Debarred from the dainties of the rich, he escapes also their diseases. The bread that he eats, is it not sweet to his taste? the water he drinks, is it not pleasant to his thirst? yea, far more delicious than the richest draughts of the luxurious.

4. His labor preserves his health, and procures him repose, to which the downy bed of sloth is

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a stranger. He limits his desire with humility, and the calm of contentment is sweeter to his soul than all the acquisitions of wealth and grandeur. Let not the rich, therefore, presume on his riches; nor the poor, in his poverty, yield to dependence: for the providence of God dispenses happiness to them both.

LESSON LX.

moun-tain

non-sense

hap-pi-est

se-cret

some-thing

per-mis-sion

weep-ing

Wil-fred

con-tin-u-al-ly

some-how

bit-ter-ly

ex-ceed-ing-ly

THE WEEPING ANGEL.

AN angel stood upon a mountain-top, and he was weeping. He was happiest when he wept the most bitterly, and God was happy to see him weeping, and the men who saw him weeping were made happy by seeing it.

2. Why did he weep? Happy tears! An angel's tears must be all joys. There is no unhappiness among the angels. Sorrow is not unhappiness. This is a great secret. Indeed, it is the great secret of the world.

3. You did not know Wilfred. He was one of those children, the very sight of whom makes old people young again. Somehow, even when he talked nonsense, he made you think of God and heaven.



4. There are many children who live more in the night than in the day. They are wise and old in their dreams by night, even when they are light and careless in their games and tasks by day. This was the case with Wilfred.

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5. He had been sleeping for an hour, when he first saw the weeping angel. So he said to the angel :

"Angel! may I call you dear angel?"

And the angel answered, "Yes! for you are my little brother in Jesus."

Then Wilfred said, "Dear angel! why are you always weeping?"

6. And the angel answered, "My sweet Wilfred, our great and good God has something which He loves exceedingly, and which He calls His glory. Now, all the world over, men are continually robbing Him of His glory, and doing wrong to Him. So I stand on this mountain-top, all the year round, hundreds of years; and I see all the cities of the world, and the inside of the houses, and even the inside of men's hearts. This last I could not see, except by a special permission of God.

7. "Thus I see every thing that everybody does. I hear every thing that everybody says. I know every thing that everybody thinks. And I join myself to every work, and word, and thought, on the great, huge earth, and add my love of God to it; and I weep over what is wrong in it, and try to make up to God by my









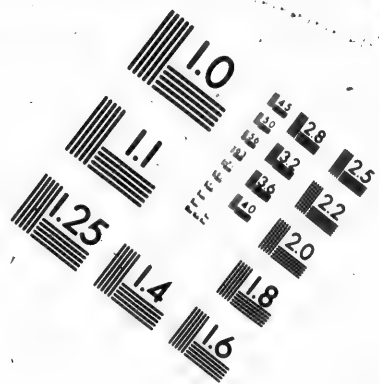
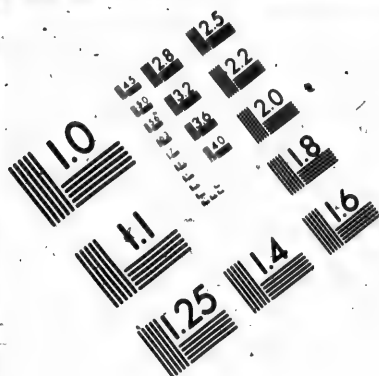
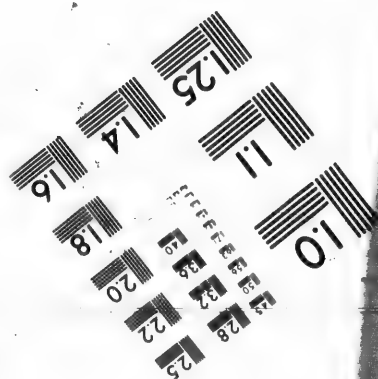
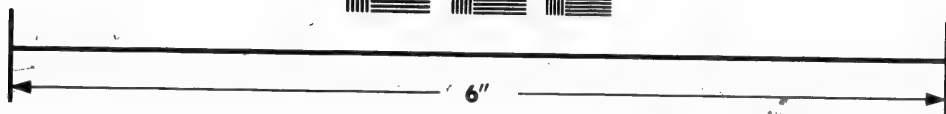
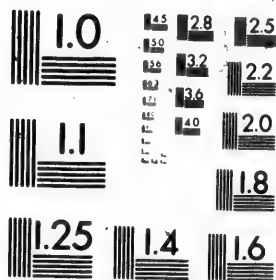


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tears for all the glory which men might give Him, but will not give Him. This is why I weep.

8. "And I weep always, because always, somewhere on the earth, wrong things are being done. And God loves my tears, and Mary, our sinless queen, is always offering them up to Him. And all heaven sees me on my mountain-top, and they make songs about me there, and they love me exceedingly, and they call me Poor-Earth's Angel."

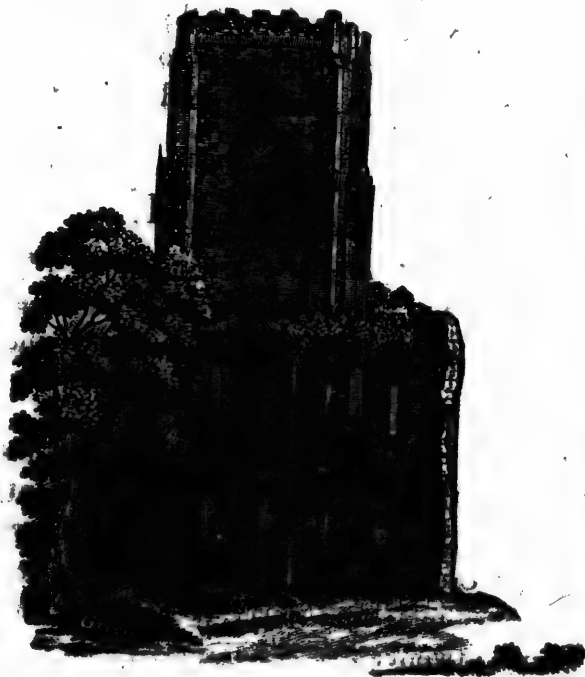
LESSON LXI.

ru- ins	ab-bey	sun-light	hal-low-ed
saint-ed	tur-ret	struc-ture	de-part-ing
mid-night	mat-in	dear-er	moul-der-ing

RUINS.

1. **B**EHOLD those abbey walls, so gray!
 Oh! where's yon turret's chime?
 Songs of the blessed, where are they,
 That swelled in olden time?
 Where are those hallowed choirs at even?
 That matin music—where
 Those hymns that once were sung to Heaven?
 Now angels sing them there.

2. The sunlight of departing eve,
The moonbeam glancing through
The broken arches, teach to grieve
For hearts long broken too ;



As o'er yon mouldering structure hangs
That wreath the ivy makes,
Thus round the heart shall memory's pangs
Cling, dearer while it breaks.

3. The green tree o'er the altar bends,
 The long grass sweeps the wall ;
 Deeply her sigh the midnight sends,
 Along the chancel hall.
 Of sainted memories, calm and bright,
 No legend needs to tell ;
 For story's pen must fail to write
 What ruins, paint so well.

LESSON LXII.

Se-bas-tian im-pet-u-osity se-ver-i-ty
 un-cov-er-ing thun-der-struck em-bold-en-ed
 sor-row-ful-ly ad-mi-ra-tion gen-tle-men

SEBASTIAN GOMEZ.

AS soon as Sebastian felt he was alone, he leaped for joy ; but, the next moment, remembering his master's words, he said sorrowfully, " Oh, my sad fortune ! twenty-five lashes, if I don't tell ; and thirty, if there are no new figures ; twenty-five lashes, perhaps, when they come to know who draws them. Poor slave, it was all a dream. I must blot it out, and never let it happen again. Oh ! I feel sleepy," added he, yawning ; " let me say my prayers :

who knows, a good God may bring me out of all this trouble."

2. Sebastian knelt down on the mat that served him as a bed at night; but soon, worn out with the fatigues of the day, he fell asleep in the midst of his prayers; and having the side of one of the pillars which supported the roof of the studio to lean against, he remained in that position until the dawn. The clock of the little cloister of St. Francis rung three o'clock before Sebastian awoke.

3. "Up, up, lazy fellow!" said he to himself, forcing his eyes to keep open, and stretching his arms until the joints cracked; and again he repeated, "Up, lad, you have three hours yet before you; three hours that belong to yourself; three hours that you are your own master; profit by them, poor slave. When they come, it will be time enough to take your chain again. Courage! do what you like for three hours; it is not much."

4. And now, wide awake, the boy went to Ribero's canvas. "First of all," said he, "let us wash out all these faces." And he took a pencil and dipped it in oil. Then, uncovering the head of the Virgin, to which the gentle

light of dawn lent an aspect still more soft and delicate than before—"Let us put out this. Efface it!" he said, smiling at the delicious image he had created; "efface it!—they did not dare to do it with all their sarcasm. Well, shall I have more courage? No, no; I would rather be beaten, if it must be so—but this head lives, it breathes. If I were to efface it, it would be a murder—no, we'll finish it!"

5. At these words, Sebastian seized his brushes and palette, and set to work. "After all," added he, "if I must wash it out, I shall have time enough, before the master and the pupils come. The hair is not wavy enough—there it is too hard—this line is too straight—come, I get on—a Virgin should be praying: I'll open her mouth a bit—there now—she breathes—her eyes look at me—I hear a sigh fall on the veil that covers her shoulders. Oh, my beautiful Virgin!"

6. Day continued to advance; the sun's rays penetrated through the glass of the studio cupola, bathing every object that was in the room in a flood of light. Sebastian forgot all, so wrapt up was he in his composition. The hour drawing near, the pains of slavery, the twenty-

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five lashes—all was forgotten but the art that was born with him, and which his residence in the house of Murillo had developed in a singular manner.

7. The young artist saw nothing but the head of the Virgin Mary smiling upon him, with an expression of heavenly goodness and grace. He was free, high in heaven with her, when all at once the noise of sudden footsteps brought the poor slave down to earth.

8. Sebastian, without turning his head, felt that Murillo and his pupils stood behind him. Surprised and thunderstruck, he neither thought of flying nor of justifying himself; he only wished the floor would open and swallow him up. But vain wish! The poor boy stood, his head bent down, his palette in one hand, his brush in the other, a prey to the most intense anguish, waiting his punishment.

9. There was a moment of silence on the part of all; for if Sebastian was petrified by being taken in the very act, Murillo and his pupils were not less amazed by the discovery they had made.

10. The youths, with the impetuosity of their age, were about to express their admira-

tion, when the master, making a sign for them to be silent, drew near the slave, and concealing his own feelings under an air of severity and coldness, he said to him :

"Sebastian, who is your master ?"

"You, signor;" replied the boy, in a voice scarcely audible.

11. "Your master in painting, Sebastian ?"

"You, signor." replied Sebastian, trembling.

"Boy, I never gave you a lesson."

"No, master ; but you gave them to others, and I listened," answered the lad, emboldened by the softened tone of his master.

"And you profited ?"

"Pardon, signor ; you never forbade me," said Sebastian.

12. Murillo quickly retorted : "And by the old patron saint of Spain, you have profited more than any one of my pupils has yet done.

"So," added he, "you worked in the night ?"

"No, master ; in the day."

"At what hour, then ? These gentlemen come at six."

"From three to five, master ; but to-day I forgot the hour."

Murillo smiled.

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LESSON LXIII.

pun-ish-ment	cul-ti-vat-ed	com-po-si-tion
diff-ic-ul-ties	scru-ti-niz-ing	sup-pli-ca-tion
ap-prov-ing	at-ten-tive-ly	ac-knowl-edge

SEBASTIAN GOMEZ.

CONTINUED.

"HAVE you forgotten what I promised you to-day?" said Murillo. The poor slave grew pale, and trembled from head to foot. "Oh, Signor Murillo," cried the pupils, "pardon, pardon for Sebastian!"

2. "I ask nothing better, gentlemen; and I think we should do more: the boy not only does not deserve punishment, but merits reward."

"Reward!" cried Sebastian, scarcely able to stand, and venturing to cast a glance up to his master.

3. "Yes, Sebastian, a reward," replied Murillo, kindly. "To have arrived at the ability you have shown in this head of the Virgin, as well as in those other little figures which I have seen on the canvas of these gentlemen, you must have conquered many difficulties; without

speaking of those hours of rest which you gave up to study—without speaking of the sleep of which you deprived yourself, in order to work when no one knew.

4. "You must have given deep attention to all my words, cultivated an immense memory in order to remember them, and devoted yourself to rare application. My boy, all this deserves a reward, and not a punishment. What should you like?"

5. Sebastian knew not if he were asleep or awake: his eyes wandered from the approving face of his master, to the smiling visages of the pupils; and he pressed one hand with the other to assure himself he was not in a dream.

6. "Come, Sebastian, courage!" whispered Ribero; "the master is pleased with you; ask for a nice ducat a new one—I wager the signor won't refuse."

"One!" cried Raba; "ask ten."

"Twenty!" cried Gaspard; "I know my father, he will give them."

7. "You make very free with my purse, my son; but I shall not contradict you—nor you either, gentlemen," said Murillo, smiling. "Come, Sebastian, every one is speaking but

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yourself, and it is to you I put the question, my child," added the great artist, attentively scrutinizing Sebastian, who appeared unmoved by these words of the pupils; "are these rewards not enough? But speak then, my lad.

8. "I am so pleased with your composition, your light and delicate touch, your coloring—this head, in fine, of which the drawing might be more correct, but to which you have given an expression of such celestial divinity, and which your pencil alone has created. I am so pleased, that I am ready to give you any thing you ask—all that is in my power; that is—"

9. "O master, master!—no, I dare not." And Sebastian, who had fallen on his knees at his master's feet, joined his hands together in an attitude of supplication. On the open lips of the boy, in his expressive eyes, on his noble forehead, might be read an intensely devouring thought, that timidity alone prevented his giving utterance to, but which swelled in every vein, and died away on his pale, trembling lips.

10. "What a fool!" cried Gaspard; "my father tells you to speak."

"Speak, then," said another; "ask for gold."

"No, ask for some handsome dresses, Sebas-

tian; you are tall, slight, and well built—they will be becoming."



"I guess," said Ribero, "I guess what it is. Sebastian wants to be admitted as a pupil among us."

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11. A flush of joy passed over the face of Sebastian.

"If it be that, ask it, my lad," said Murillo.

"And ask, too, the best place near the light," said Gonsalves, whose easel was badly placed, among the last in the studio.

"Well, is it that?" asked Murillo.

Sebastian shook his head.

"No?" said Murillo.

12. "Sebastian," cried Gaspard,—"my father is in a giving humor to-day: ask your freedom!"

A cry burst from the lips of Sebastian, a cry of joy—of pain—almost of grief.

"Oh, freedom, freedom for my father!" cried he, in a voice choked by tears and sobs.

"And yours—do you not desire your own?" asked Murillo.

13. Sebastian hung down his head, and suppressing a sob, answered:

"My father's first, signor."

"Yes, my poor child; and yours also," said Murillo, no longer able to restrain his feelings, as he raised and embraced Sebastian.

A voice of weeping was heard in the corner of the studio; all turned their eyes towards it, and saw old Gomez crying and sobbing like a child.

14. "Thou art free, Gomez," said Murillo, giving him his hand.

"Free to serve you all my life, master," replied Gomez, falling on his knees and kissing his master's hand.

"Oh, my master, my good master!" was all that Sebastian's feelings enabled him to utter.

15. "Sebastian," said Murillo, turning towards the youth, "your pencil has proved you to have genius; your request has proved you to possess a noble heart. From this day I acknowledge you to be an artist indeed, and receive you among my pupils."

LESSON LXIV.

GRATITUDE TO THE SUPREME BEING.

1. **H**OW cheerful along the gay mead,
The daisy and cowslip appear!
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.
2. The myrtles that shade the gay bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
All rise to the praise of my God.

3. Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair Gratitude's call!
Forbid it, devotion and love!
4. The Lord, who such wonders could ~~do~~,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise;
My heart shall rejoice in my God.

LESSON LXV.

chas-tise-ment	temp-tation	New-found-land
re-mem-ber-ed	res-o-lu-tion	re-ap-pear-ed
con-quer-ed	van-ish-ed	pres-er-va-tion

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

SEE, there is little Edward Wilson taken from the water by his great dog, Ponto. I wonder is he dead, poor little fellow! No, he is not dead. I am glad of it; and I am sure you are, too.

2. But do you know that little Edward deserved such a chastisement, even if he had been drowned?—and I will tell you why. His mother had often told him not to play near the water-side, or to go bathing with other boys.

3. For some time Edward avoided the water, in obedience to his mother; but one day he was running a race with Ponto, not far from the river's bank, and what should he see but a young moor-hen, diving down into the long, sedgy grass, not many yards from where he stood. "There," thought he, "is a nest worth having."



4. Edward's first thought was to run and seize the moor-fowl's nest; but all at once he remembered his mother's injunction, and the tears came into his eyes. "It is very hard," said he to himself, "that a fellow cannot go and get that nest, when there is no danger—none in the world."

5. Edward's obedience was not worth much,

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then; for when a boy or girl begins to find fault with the commands of parents or teachers, they are half conquered by the tempter. + Now it so happened that while Edward stood, with a cloudy brow, eyeing the spot which contained the supposed treasure, the moor-hen started up once more full in his view, and flew away over the broad river.

6. At the sight, all Edward's resolution vanished. He yielded at once to the temptation. "There she goes!" he shouted, in ecstasy, "and I have nothing to do but reach down and lay my hand on the young chickens, and then—won't I have something worth showing at home?"

7. Away went Edward towards the river, and away went Ponto after him, through the long, dewy grass. The spot was gained, but Edward found that to secure his prize was not so easy. Between it and him was a narrow channel of the river, a yard or so in width; for the nest was on a tiny islet out in the water.

8. "It is unlucky," said Edward; "but no matter—I can easily jump across. I have often jumped farther than that. Come, Ponto, my boy! follow me."

Edward jumped; but the distance was greater than he thought, and instead of jumping on the islet, he fell splash into the water, with a cry of terror. But his cries would have been of little avail, had it not been for his faithful dog, who, being of the Newfoundland breed, was both large and strong, and well accustomed to the water.

9. Leaping into the water after his little master, who had already sunk, the noble animal soon reappeared on the surface, holding the little boy by the flap of his jacket.

You may imagine how thankful Edward was for his preservation, and how sincerely he promised never again to disobey his parents in any thing.

LESSON LXVI.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF DIVINE FAVORS.

1. **W**HENE'ER I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God,
For all His gifts to me!
2. Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;

For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3. How many children in the street,
Half naked, I behold!

While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

4. While some poor creatures scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

5. While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord! I am taught Thy name to fear,
And do Thy holy will.

6. Are these Thy favors day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And try to serve Thee best!

LESSON LXVII.

prin-cess

daugh-ter

Eng-land

bos-om

vir-tu-ous

Kath-e-rine

coun-sel-lors

car-di-nals

ref-or-ma-tion

ac-cus-tom-ed

al-to-geth-er

ad-mi-ra-ble



THE VIRTUOUS QUEEN.

DO you know, little children, what this picture means? I do not think you can, unless you are told; so I will tell you. About three hundred years ago, there was a king of England, Henry the Eighth, who had a fair and virtuous wife, named Katherine. She had been the mother of a family of children, but only one

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of them remained, a daughter, who was called the Princess Mary.

2. For a long time the good queen and her husband lived happily together; but there came a day when bad companions brought the king to sin and shame, and then he began to hate his virtuous wife, and wished to put her away from him altogether, to please some of his wicked counsellors, who hated the innocent queen and her daughter.

3. Many of the king's faithful friends sought to persuade him against doing this cruel wrong, but he would not listen to them; and he sent the two cardinals whom you see in the picture, to tell the queen that she must leave his house, and not even take her daughter with her.

4. It was a hard sentence for so good a wife and so good a mother, and she felt as if her heart was breaking. But, like all true Christians, Queen Katherine was accustomed to pour her sorrows into the bosom of our merciful Saviour; and there you see her kneeling before the crucifix, and asking God for strength to bear that heavy load of grief. She prays, too, for her unhappy husband, that his eyes may be opened to the error of his ways. And the car-

dinals are saying to each other, "What an admirable lesson in patience and forgiveness of injuries!"

5. When you are older you will know all about Queen Katherine. Her story is a very long and a very sad one, and you will like to read it in the history of England. You will read, too, how her wicked husband rebelled against the Pope, because he would not consent to his cruel treatment of his queen; and how he made himself a pope, and began what is called the Reformation. These and many other nice stories you can read in history; so you must make haste, and learn to read well.

LESSON LXVIII.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

1. I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
2. I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3. I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food:
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
4. Lord! how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
5. There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.
6. Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
7. In heaven He shines with beams of love;
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on His earth I stand or move,
And 'tis His air I breathe.
8. His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh?

LESSON LXIX.

fright-en-ed	val-u-ed	dis-o-be-di-ence
trans-gress-ing	Chi-na-ware	un-for-tu-nate
or-na-ments	con-tra-ry	cen-tre-ta-ble
pa-go-da	mis-er-a-ble	com-mand-ments

WHAT IT IS TO HAVE A BAD CONSCIENCE.

WHAT a miserable thing it is to have a bad conscience! Only see how frightened those two young sisters are, because their good mamma has come into their play-room. And why is that?

2. Why, because their conscience tells them that they have been doing wrong, and transgressing their mother's commands. She had often told them that they must not take any thing to play with, except their own toys; and, above all, that they must not meddle with any of her little China ornaments.

3. Well, what do you think the naughty girls have been doing? Their mother went out to market, and in they went to the parlor, and took some nice little pieces of China-ware off the centre-table, and had them in their play. You will not be surprised to hear that they

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have broken one of them—a Chinese pagoda, which their mother valued very highly, for it was given her by a beloved sister, long since dead.



4. The children knew this very well, and yet that did not prevent them from taking the pretty toy, contrary to their mother's express wish. Now, when it is too late, they are sorry

for their fault; they know they have deserved punishment, which their mother is sure to give when she finds them out—for she never overlooks or forgives a positive act of disobedience.

5. To do them justice, they are sorry, too, for having broken the keepsake of their Aunt Lizzie, which their mother had treasured for many a long year; and they do feel wretched. You see they are trying to keep between their mother and the doll's house, wherein the fragments are concealed.

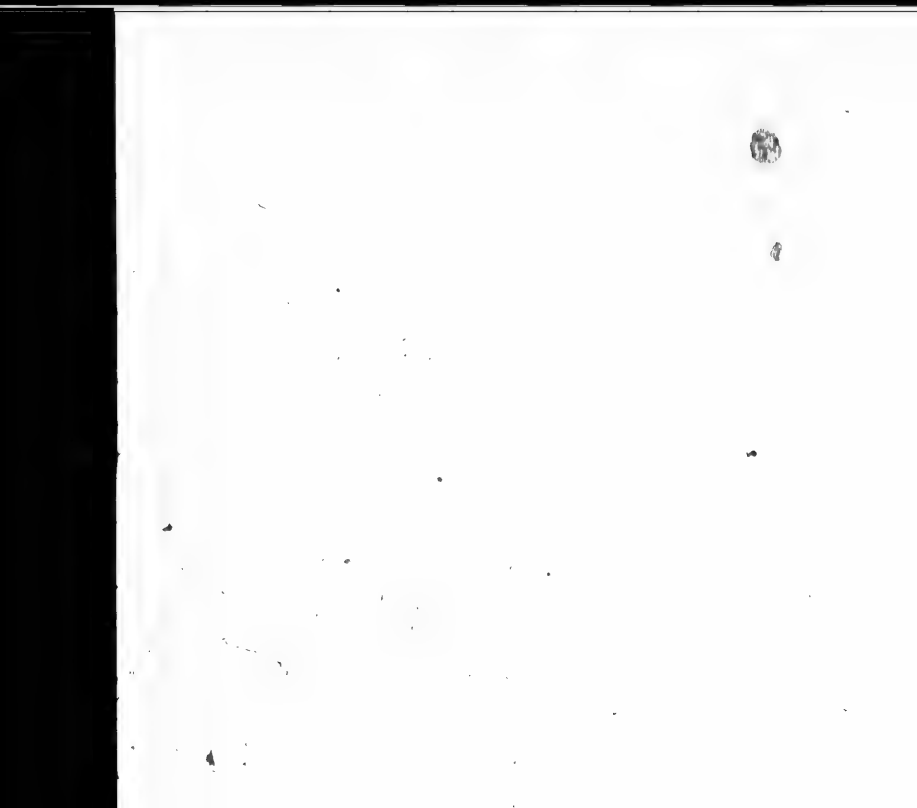
6. Poor children! the trifling pleasure they had for a moment in playing with the little temple, is already followed by the torment of remorse and shame, and the fear of punishment. And so it is, children, with every act of disobedience, whether it be against the commandments of God, your parents, or your teachers.

7. Eliza and Fanny would give all the toys they have, and many more if they had them, to see the unfortunate pagoda safe back on the centre-table; but, alas! their sorrow is now of no avail: it cannot repair the mischief they have done. ~~It is~~ however, that this severe lesson may ~~teach~~ ^{warn} them of their disobedience. I am sure I hope it will.

LESSON LXX.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

1. **S**EE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:
2. "Sons of Adam (once in Eden,
When like us he blighted fell),
Hear the lecture we are reading;
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.
3. "Virgins, much, too much presuming
On your boasted white and red,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead!
4. "Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health, and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.
5. "Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay;
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.



6. "On the Tree of Life eternal,
 Man, let all thy hopes be staid;
 Which alone, forever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade."

LESSON LXXI.

at-ten-tion nat-u-ral lash-es fra-grance
 gath-er-ed good-na-ture cull-ed Mar-tha
 ex-pres-sion truth-ful-ness pleas-ed Lil-ly

LITTLE MAGGIE.

WHAT a nice little girl Maggie Lyons is! She is very pretty, as you may see in the picture; her hair hangs in natural curls about her face, and her sweet blue eyes look out through their long lashes with such an expression of truthfulness and good-nature that you cannot help loving her. And Maggie Lyons is a good little girl—just as good as she looks.

2. She has been to the garden to cull flowers, and just see what a nice nose-gay she has got! What do you think she will do with it? I suppose she means to give it to some of her little friends—to Martha Green, perhaps, or Lilly Wells.

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3. No such thing. Much as Maggie loves her young companions, it is not for any of them she has gathered those flowers. Her dear mother is sick, and cannot leave her room, and she loves the fresh fragrance of the flowers, for she says it does her good: so little Maggie has culled those flowers for her. She intends to put them in a vase on her mother's table, before she is up; and she is just thinking how pleased that dear, kind mother will be by this little mark of attention from her. Do you not love pretty Maggie Lyons?



LESSON LXXII.

ham-let
na-tive
dis-tance

live-ly
spright-ly
hand-some

in-nu-mer-a-ble
un-for-tu-nate-ly
tem-per-a-ment

LITTLE JOSEPH.

THE young Savoyard, or Little Joseph, as he is more frequently called, was born in a hamlet on the side of Mount Cenis. His parents were also natives of the same village, which was some distance up the side of that well-known mountain.

2. Joseph was their only child—a lively, joyous boy, sprightly as the kid of his Alpine home. He was just ten years of age when we became acquainted with the family. Joseph had inherited the handsome figure of his father, and the gentle disposition and loving heart of his mother.

3. Anna—that was his mother's name—a faithful Catholic—zealously sought to form her darling's young mind according to the true spirit of the Church. She taught him to check all inclination to anger or disobedience in its very germ, and encouraged the growth of all the virtues peculiar to his ardent temperament.

4. So docile was he by the time he had attained his tenth year, that he might be compared to the lambs, with which he loved to play. His parents' house, the Alps, and his

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father's little flock were his world; and beyond a congregation of about three hundred persons, who assembled on Sundays and holydays in the church, he did not know a soul.

5. He was totally ignorant of the bustle of the world, and equally unconscious of its sin and vice. His pure heart was free from those passions which unfortunately agitate the breasts of many other children, and drive them but too early out of the paradise of innocence.

6. Joseph, unlike those children whose innumerable desires can never be satisfied, cherished but one—to be pleasing to God and give joy to his parents. And so earnestly did he strive for this, that it might be truly said of him, he had found favor before God and man.

LESSON LXXIII.

field	rein-deer	re-gion	speed-ing
bright	pas-ture	hu-man	coun-try
brow	ver-dure	re-past	scarce-ly

THE REINDEER.

1. **R** EINDEER, not in fields like ours,
Full of grass and bright with flowers;
Not in pasture dales, where glide

Ever-flowing rivers wide ;
Not on hills, where verdure bright
Clothes them to the topmost height,
Hast thou dwelling ; nor dost thou
Feed upon the orange-bough ;
Nor doth olive, nor doth vine,
Bud and bloom in land of thine.



2. But thy home and dwelling are
In a region bleak and bare ;
In a dreary land of snow,
Where green weeds can scarcely grow ;
Where the skies are gray and drear ;
Where 'tis night for half the year ;
Reindeer, where, unless for thee,
Human dweller could not be.
3. Serving long and serving hard,
Asking but a scant reward ;

Of the snow a short repast,
Or the mosses cropped in haste.
Reindeer, away! with all thy strength.
Speeding o'er the country's length;
Speeding onward like the wind,
With the sliding sledge behind.

LESSON LXXIV.

THE CONFESSION.

I DO not know why it is that so many little girls and boys have a horror of going to confession. Surely, they must forget that confession is like the plank thrown into the sea to the drowning mariner,—that it is the only means whereby we can obtain forgiveness of the sins committed after baptism.

2. If our dear Lord and Saviour had not established this sacrament in His great compassion for us, I do not know what we should have done. Now, I once heard of a little girl who was so dreadfully afraid of going to confession, that she quite fainted away when she found herself in the confessional. On the next page is a picture of her, with her sister by her side, trying to encourage her.



3. Do you know why that little girl was so horrified at the thought of confession? Why, because her father and mother had been so negligent of their duty, as to allow their children to grow up to the age of ten or twelve years before they sent them to confession. If they had been sent earlier, they would have had no such dread of confessing their sins.

4. If you ask one of these silly little people why they are so much afraid, the answer will, perhaps, be: "Why, how can I tell my sins to the priest? Who knows but he may speak of them to somebody else?"

Foolish little girl or boy! have you never heard that one of the saints suffered martyrdom rather than reveal what had been told him in confession?

5. A wicked emperor, who suspected his wife of a great crime, wished to have her confessor tell whether she was guilty or not. But the Saint replied that no priest could speak to any one of what was told him in confession, and that he could not even tell whether the empress was innocent or not.

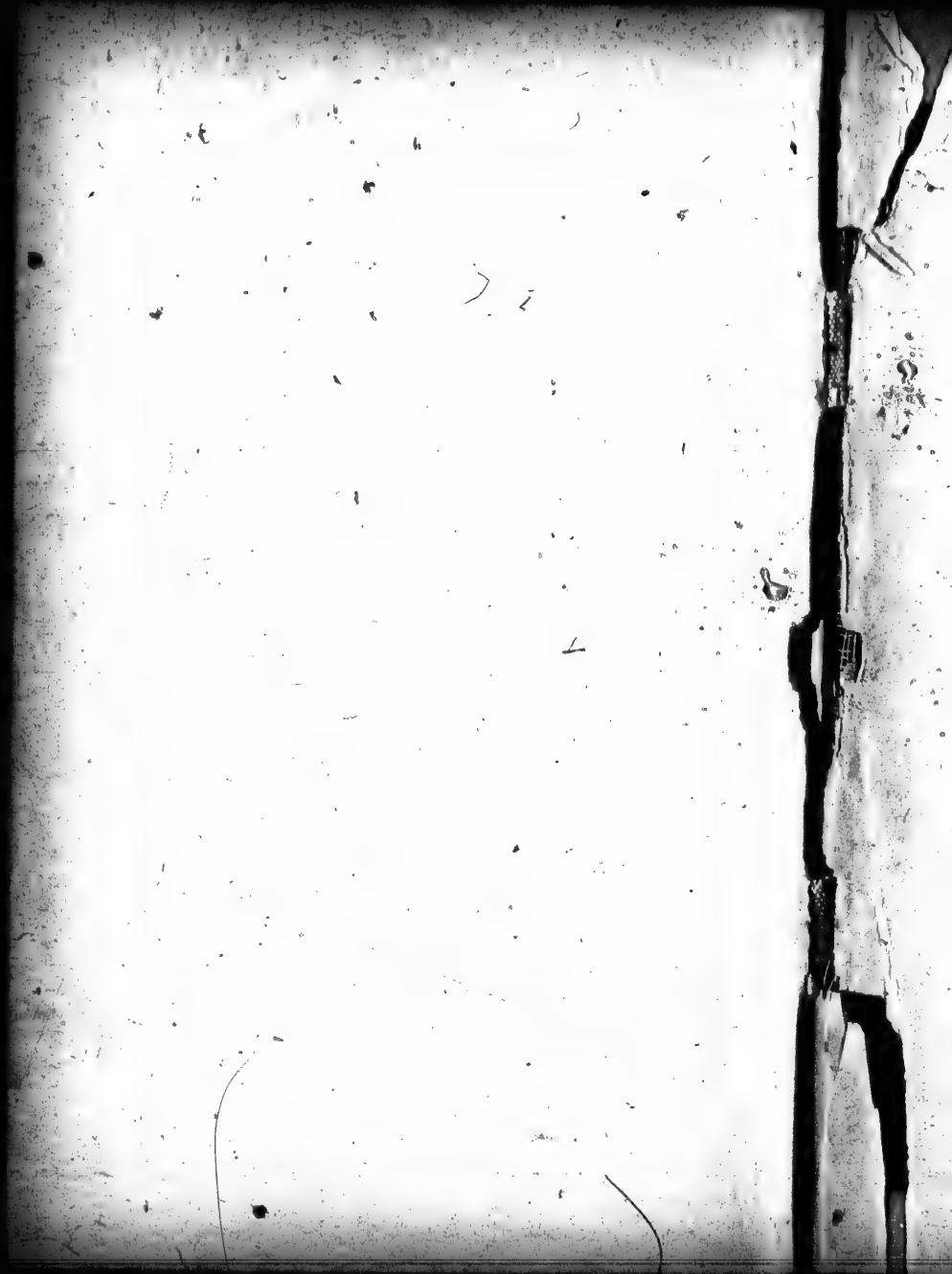
6. Hearing this, the tyrant was so enraged that he ordered the holy man to be thrown into the Muldaw, which was the name of the sea near his palace. It was done accordingly, and the good St. John Nepomucine went cheerfully to death rather than disclose the secret of confession. And so it is to-day. The ministers appointed by Jesus Christ to reconcile the sinner with Him, are never known, never have been known, to tell what they hear in confession.

LESSON LXXV.

THE TRUTHFUL BOY.

1. **O**NCE there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye—
A boy who always loved the truth,
And never, never told a lie.
2. And when he skipped away to school,
The children all about would cry:
“There goes the curly-headed boy—
The boy who never told a lie.”
3. And everybody loved him much,
Because he always told the truth;
And often, as he older grew,
’Twas said: “There goes the honest youth.”
4. And when the people, standing near,
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this:
“Because he never told a lie.”
5. Learn, little boys, from this brave lad,
Like him, to speak the candid truth;
That all may say of you the same:
“There goes an honest-hearted youth.”







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